The Bluestocking

1916

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/marybaldwinsemin1916mary

THE BLUESTOCKING

Published by

The Senior Literary Society

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY 1915-'16

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

To

Miss Alice Maud Barbour

Our Friend

We dedicate THE BLUESTOCKING of 1916

A Toast to M. B. S.

To M. B. S. we'll tip the glass,
And make for her a toast:
High may her banner ever wave
And reach from coast to coast!

There never was a school so dear,
We all with pride confess;
Here's to the school we most revere,
Here's to the M. B. S.!

O THE students of Mary Baldwin we present this BLUESTOCKING of 1916. It is for you that we have put forward our best efforts, that you might have a record of your school year.

If in these pages you find aught that does not please, let your criticism fall lightly upon the editors and ask yourself if you have done your part to make your BLUESTOCKING a success.

It is our hope that each girl may find herein something that will bring to her happy memories now and in the years to come of the year 1915-'16 spent at M. B. S.

Contents

Book I
Classes

Book II
Literary Department

Book III
Clubs

Book IV
School Life

Board of Trustees

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

SESSION OF 1915-'16

REV. A. M. FRASER, D. D.,
PRESIDENT

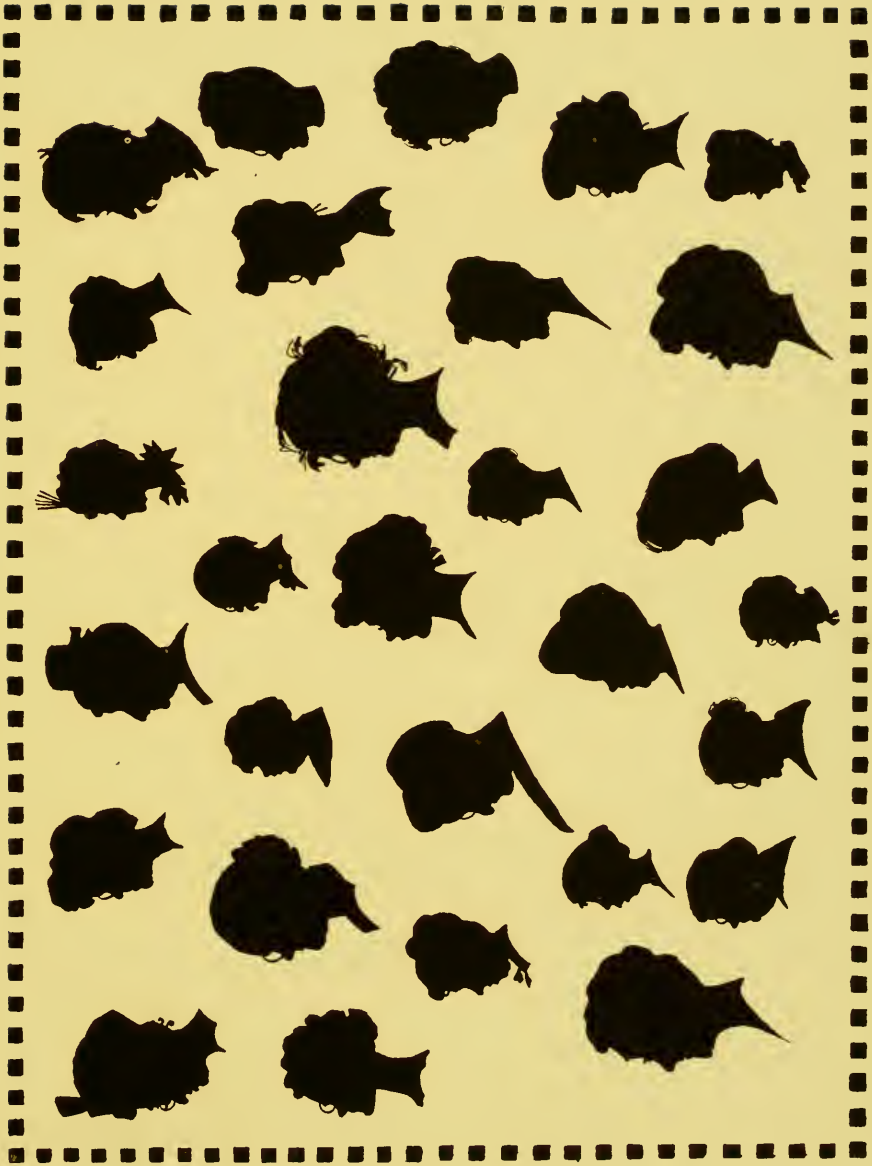
JUDGE J. M. QUARLES,
SECRETARY

HON. WILLIAM H. LANDES,
TREASURER

JAMES N. McFARLAND, ESQ.,
JAMES H. BLACKLEY, ESQ.,
HENRY D. PECK, ESQ.,
HON. HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER,
ARISTA HOGE, ESQ.,
JOHN M. SPOTTS, ESQ.,
REV. WM. N. SCOTT, D. D.,
JAMES B. RAWLINGS, M. D.,
REV. JAMES N. VAN DEVANTER,
WILLIAM A. BOWLES, ESQ.,
JAMES A. FULTON, ESQ.,
HUGH B. SPROUL, ESQ.,

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

REV. A. M. FRASER, D. D.,
HENRY D. PECK, ESQ.,
HON. WILLIAM H. LANDES,
JUDGE J. M. QUARLES,
JAMES N. McFARLAND, ESQ..



Officers and Teachers

E. C. WEIMAR,
PRINCIPAL

REV. A. M. FRASER, D. D.,
CHAPLAIN

J. S. RIDDLE,
SECRETARY TO THE PRINCIPAL

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

MARTHA D. RIDDLE,
University of Chicago,
HISTORY

MAUD MIRIAM SHELDON, Ph. D.,
Cornell University,
LATIN

NELLIE CARSON SMITHEY, B. S.,
Columbia University,
ADVANCED MATHEMATICS

ALICE MAUD BARBOUR, Ph. D.,
Wellesley College and Yale University,
ADVANCED ENGLISH; SUPERVISION OF PUBLICATIONS

EDITH LATANÉ, A. B.,
Goucher College,
HISTORY; HISTORY OF ART

MARY FRELINGHUYSEN HURLBURT, A. M.,
Wellesley College,
NATURAL SCIENCES

EUGENIE PIFFAULT, B. S.,
Académie de Paris,
Membre Actif de la Société Nationale
des
Professeurs Francais en Amérique,
FRENCH

THERESE ZEECK,
Graduate from Teachers College in Schleswig Kiel,
Province of Schleswig-Holstein,
GERMAN

MARY L. MATTOON, A. M.,
Elmira College and Teachers College
PSYCHOLOGY, ETHICS, AND BIBLE HISTORY

MARIANNA P. HIGGINS,
Harvard College and Columbia University,
LITERATURE AND RHETORIC

ANNE McILWAINE RIDDLE,
Columbia University,
LITERATURE AND RHETORIC

ABBIE MORRISON McFARLAND, A. B.,
Mary Baldwin Seminary,
MATHEMATICS

N. L. TATE,
MATHEMATICS AND ENGLISH

HELEN S. P. WILLIAMSON,
PRESIDING TEACHER

MARJORIE A. DAY, A .B.,
Goucher College,
American Academy of Dramatic Arts,
EXPRESSION

JENNIE S. RIDDLE,
STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING

MARJORIE A. DAY, A. B.,
Goucher College,
American Academy of Dramatic Arts,
PHYSICAL TRAINING

ART DEPARTMENT

MRS. CHARLES G. SAWTELLE,
Corcoran School of Art, Washington, D. C.,
Delacluse Academy, Paris,
Pupil of Edouard Scott, Paris,
Graduate of New York School of Fine and Applied Arts,
DRAWING, PAINTING, ILLUSTRATING, DESIGNING, AND CHINA PAINTING

DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND ARTS

LYDIA DODGE MORSE,
Normal Graduate of Boston Cooking School,
Columbia University,
COOKING AND SEWING

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

C. F. W. EISENBERG,
Conservatory of Liepsic,
DIRECTOR
PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONY AND HISTORY OF MUSIC

WILMAR ROBERT SCHMIDT,
Royal Conservatory, Leipsic,
PIANO AND VIOLIN

CATHERINE BELL,
Pupil of Jedliczka, Berlin,
Frau Dr. Brée and Leschetizky, Vienna,
PIANO

GIVENS WYNNE,
Pupil of Thuel Burnham, Paris,
PIANO

WILMAR ROBERT SCHMIDT,
Royal Conservatory, Leipsic,
GUITAR AND MANDOLIN

MARYON BURLEIGH MARTIN,
Medalist of Royal Academy of Music, London,
VOICE

ANNA M. STREIT,
LIBRARIAN

HARRIET SHAWEN,
MATRON

LUCY C. WALKER,
HOUSEKEEPER

LIZZIE ROBINSON,
ASSISTANT HOUSEKEEPER

NANNIE W. GARRETT, R. N.,
Graduate of St. Luke's Hospital,
INFIRMARY

DR. H. H. HENKEL,
PHYSICIAN

WM. WAYT KING,
BUSINESS MANAGER

MINNIE L. McGUINNITY,
STENOGRAPHER

FTER nineteen years of service as Principal of Mary Baldwin Seminary, Miss Weimar has announced her determination to sever her connection with the school at the close of the present session.

During the years of Miss Weimar's administration the number of students has greatly increased, the equipment of the school—especially that of the Library and the Laboratory—has been materially enlarged and improved, and the course of study has been broadened and advanced.

We wish to express our appreciation of Miss Weimar's unfailing sympathy for us in our troubles and her interest in our pleasures, and to wish for her many years of happiness in the quiet enjoyment of her home and friends.

Calendar

1915

Thursday, September 9 ..... Session Opens
Monday, October 4 ..... Miss Baldwin's Birthday
Thursday, November 26 ..... Thanksgiving
Wednesday, December 22, 12 M. ..... Christmas Vacation Begins

1916

Wednesday, January 5, 9 A. M. ..... Christmas Vacation Ends
Monday, January 24 ..... Mid-Year Examinations Begin
Monday, January 31 ..... Mid-Year Examinations End
Monday, January 31 ..... Miss McClung's Birthday
Thursday, May 18 ..... Final Examinations Begin
Thursday, May 25 ..... Final Examinations End
Friday, May 26 ..... Art Reception
Saturday, May 27 ..... Association Day and Class Day
Sunday, May 28 ..... Baccalaureate Sermon
Tuesday, May 30 ..... Commencement
Thursday, September 7 ..... Session 1916-'17 Opens

Bluestocking
1916
Jokes

Editors

Elizabeth Bottom ..... Editor-in-Chief

Nell Baylor ..... Business Manager

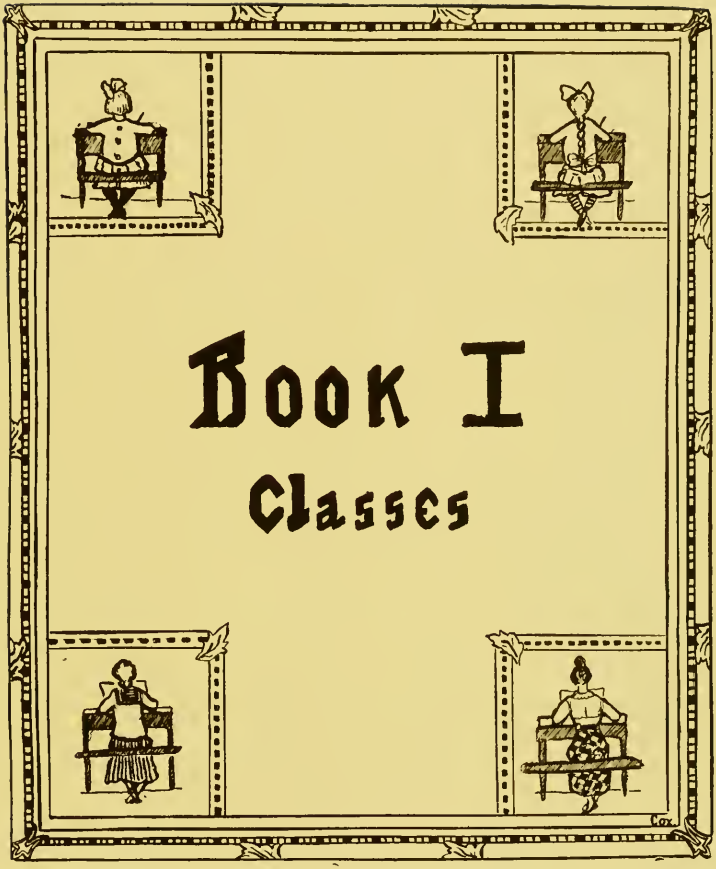
Annie Cobb ..... Assistant Editor

Margaret St. Clair ..... Class Editor

Martha Sullenberger ..... Art Editor

Ellen B. Scott ..... Joke Editor

Hazel Swanson
Jane McIlhenny } ..... Club Editors



Book I

Classes

"Auf Wiedersehen"

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,"
Comes a thought that's bitter-sweet,
Schoolgirl days are o'er.
Happy hours and happy years,
When our hearts are free from fears
And the future bright appears,
Will be ours no more.

Soon will come Commencement Day,
When the girls erstwhile so gay,
White butterflies in bright array,
Meet with tear-wet eyes
To clasp again each "dearest friend,"
And pledge anew love without end,
And reams of letters vow to send,
And say their last goodbyes.

Say not "goodbye"—"auf wiedersehen";
What joy 'twill be when now and then
We meet and gaily talk of when
We lived at M. B. S.
Seen in mem'ry, still more dear
Will she be from year to year;
Thinking of her loving cheer,
We'll name her but to bless.

Alma Mater, mother sweet,
With sad hearts, unwilling feet,
Do we turn from thee to greet
Other fields of lore.
What the future holds we guess;
Thou hast done naught but to bless;
We can never love thee less,
Only more and more.

MOTTO

"Truly, I believe their intelligence has something divine about it."

PATRON

Miss Abbie McFarland

COLORS

Lavender and Purple

FLOWER

Violet

ELIZABETH CECIL BOTTOM

Lebanon, Kentucky

C. O. D.

"As welcomed as sunshine in every place
Is the beaming approach of a good-natured face."

Graduate in Literary Department; President of Senior Class; President of Executive Board Student Association; Editor-in-Chief THE BLUESTOCKING; President of History Club; Secretary-Treasurer German Club; Senior Literary Society; Tennis Club; Business Manager Border Club; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.; Science Club.

If you are ever on the second floor of McClung, just look in number four. Why, "Bottom" isn't alone, but "Boy" is not there. Who can that other girl be? Oh, she rooms on the third floor, and is just stopping to speak to Elizabeth! This young lady is very fond of all sorts of sports, but, oh, how much she admires a Bow-man! In for everything that makes school days the very happiest of all times, and for everything that will make her school the very best, she leaves a place that will be more than hard to fill.

Here is a young lady, whose name
We fear will not long be the same;
For you see that the ring
Can mean but one thing
On the hand of this dear lady of fame.

ELLEN BUSTON SCOTT

Tazewell, Virginia

X. Y. Z.

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

Graduate in Literary Department; member Executive Board Student Association; Editor-in-Chief THE MISCELLANY; Joke Editor THE BLUESTOCKING; Vice-President of Senior Literary Society; Secretary-Treasurer Virginia Club; History Club; Science Club; Y. W. C. A.

Perhaps you have never heard of Tazewell, but you will be more than convinced that there is such a place after a short talk with Ellen. Although she is very little, she usually manages to make herself heard. This busy little body used to be found in Miss Barbour's class-room, working on THE MISCELLANY; lately, however, it has been almost impossible to keep her away from Practice Hall. Ellen has chosen teaching for her life-work, but there are some of us, who, because we have an opportunity to see the mail, feel that this profession will not be permanent.

Here's a maiden of inquisitive mind
Who can drive a car in any clime;
The toot of a horn
Gets her up at morn
To see who is motoring at that time.

IDA BOCOCK SMITH

Ronceverte, West Virginia

X. Y. Z.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

Graduate in Literary Department; Vice-President Executive Board Student Association; President Y. W. C. A.; Senior Literary Society; History Club; Science Club; President West Virginia Club; Tennis Club.

What will the little new girls do next year when they get homesick? "Boy" will not be here, you know. Who's going to have the permanent seat at Miss Shawen's table, and who will be president of the Y. W. C. A.? We have not mentioned Ida's love for history. She is particularly fond of this subject; and her admiration for Lee grows every day. After four years spent in doing the same thing, one acquires a habit, and all that we can hope is that Ida, out of force of habit, will come back to us next year.

There is a young lady named Boy
Whose smiles we can always decoy;
With bananas as bait,
We never have to wait,
For that smile which to us is great joy.

MARGARET HUSTON ST. CLAIR

Tazewell, Virginia

C. O. D. X. Y. Z.

"Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely."

Graduate in Literary Department; member Executive Board Student Association; Secretary Senior Literary Society; Class Editor THE BLUESTOCKING; President of Tennis Club; History Club; Science Club; German Club; Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A.

Here's our Teddy! And she has been roaming the halls of M. B. S. for five years—'cause she likes it! Each spring she has left us for Tazewell, with a saucy toss of her head and positive statement, "I won't be here this time next year," but each successive fall has brought her back. She knows a good thing when she sees it! Teddy has done honor to the class of '16 and it's mighty proud to claim her!

Here's a raven-haired maiden named Ted,
Who has knowledge galore in her head;
But she will leave her books
And care for her looks,
If she can have Warden instead.

LUCIE FROISSART WOODWARD

Staunton, Virginia

"Perfect good sense shuns all extremities, content to couple wisdom with sobriety."

Graduate in Literary Department; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Secretary-Treasurer History Club; Science Club; Literary Editor THE MISCELLANY.

See what we have with us here! A "Stauntonite!" There is a certain mystery to be solved about this young lady, and that is: Why does she always remark, on entering a class-room, "Honey, I'm a wreck!" The only solution so far is that she never, oh, never (?), studies nor receives high marks. Strange as it may seem, she finds time to "scribble a line" to a certain young lady each morning! Just the same, with all her lack of knowledge, everyone is her friend, and it will be ever thus.

There is a young lady we prize,
Who can marvelous poetry devise;
With a thought or two,
Any subject will do,
For Lucie, who is known as the "Wise."

VIRGINIA BURWELL

Staunton, Virginia

"O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid."

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association.

"Has Professor Eisenberg come yet?" This is the way Virginia always greets us. Is it any wonder? how could one who practices only eight hours a day be expected to have a good lesson? What on earth would become of the "nervous wrecks" in Senior Harmony if Virginia weren't here? Without a doubt Wagner, Litzt, Chopin, and many other composers would "rattle their bones" if they could hear her "spieling off" about them. She has been our good angel throughout the year, doing all she could to help others with their work, and always without a murmur.

Of all our dear classmates so gay
Here's one who makes music all day;
Instead of gay Sirs
Virginia prefers
To sit at the piano and play.

CORA LOTT

Hendersonville, North Carolina

"Soft is the music that would charm forever."

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Behold! the Tar-heel, almost a débutante, but she found music and history at M. B. S. too attractive to resist. Some said Beware! do not start her to smiling, but it is known that with only a few hours' stop in certain places between Staunton and Hendersonville, this smile captivated a good many persons. So far as we know, hours spent on Practice Hall are the only ones of pleasure that "Chess" indulges in. Now, the many friends she has won at M. B. S. wish her the success of a Paderewski.

Here is a young lady named Lott
Of whom the girls think quite a lot,
She's pretty and neat,
And makes music sweet,
Which makes us all love her, I wot.

BEULAH NEFF

Staunton, Virginia

"A few can touch the magic string
And noisy Fame is proud to win them."

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association.

Beulah is a "town girl." She does not seem to love us much up here, for we only see her when she blows in and out to her classes. But what little she is with us we feel the influence of her sweet disposition and attractive manner. Judging from the sounds which issue from Professor Schmidt's room, she is quite a brilliant player and does honor to the class of 1916.

There is a young lady so fine,
For whose smartness we all repine;
With her ruffles and frills
She always gives thrills,
For Beulah's a Bon Ton design.

EDITH RANDOLPH PITTS

New Canton, Virginia

"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association; President Virginia Club; Senior Literary Society; German Club; Y. W. C. A.

This specimen tries to convince us there are actually such cities as Avonia, New Can-ton and Bremo Bluff, but, failing to find these, we can remember her by her neighbors, Scottsville and Fork Union. She does not let music worry her very much, but is quite partial to history. She likes to give the impression that she is a man-hater, but why does she "trip the light fantastic toe" at V. M. I., and why does her smiling countenance go in the F. U. M. A. Annual? With all her accomplishments and her "come hither" eyes, it is no wonder that she has won admiration from twenty cases.

There was a young lady named Pitts,
Who went into furious fits
When a big V. M. I.
Tried to pass her right by,
Then she grabbed him with both her mits.

NANCY MARGARET SMITH

Wheeling, West Virginia

D. F. G.

"It came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets."

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association; Secretary-Treasurer West Virginia Club.

Speaking of energy—well, that's something of which Nan doesn't possess an extra quantity. But, aside from having to do a double amount of work now and then, her friends have no cause to complain. She has a disposition which is the essence of cheer,—indeed, she's even been known to giggle. Fortune has endowed her with rare gifts: a big dose of real musical genius, a charming personality, and the truest kind of friends, who wish her all the good luck in the world.

There is a young lady named Nan,
Who sleeps all the time that she can;
From seven at night,
Till the sun is bright;
She waits to be wakened by Pan.

CORNELIA DUNSCOMB CHRISTIAN

Lynchburg, Virginia

Z. T. Z.

"And there a voice of sweetest tone."

Graduate in Voice; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; German Club; Virginia Club.

"Cornie" is always "just about to pass out," insisting generally that she is very "low"; but we cannot see it. To us she appears decidedly high (especially her voice!). Her manner is charming, her appearance perfectly stunning, and she dances divinely.

This musical maiden has stirred
All those who her singing have heard;
With this wonderful voice
She should surely rejoice,
For "Cornie" sings just like a bird.

KATHERINE KENNEDY JOHNSON

Franklin, West Virginia

"Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice."

Graduate in Voice; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; West Virginia Club; Golf Club; Y. W. C. A.

From Franklin, West Virginia, that great railroad center (?), comes "Kass," our future "Prima Donna." Not content with "raising her voice in melody," a large portion of her practice time is allotted to "tickling the ivory." At present Katherine spends many restless hours rummaging through magazines and newspapers in search of "Want Ads." In confidence, she declares that she has about decided to become a "school marm" in case her other plan fails: a plan that lies very close to her heart.

Here's Katherine with a quiet look,
Who's out seeking a secluded nook;
When it comes to fishing
She's all the time wishing
That something would cling to her hook.

HELEN ELIZABETH BLACKBURN

Staunton, Virginia

"Measured by Art in your breadth and length."

Graduate in Art; member Executive Board Student Association.

Helen might get wrinkles from laughing, but she will never get any from worry. She is the most care-free person about M. B. S., always with a smile, whether she knows her lessons or not. Although she is a good student (when it happens to suit her to study), lessons never stand in her way, when she has anything special on hand. Her marks are usually extremely good or—very poor. Art, however, is her long suit.

There was a young lady named Helen
Who went down the street just a yellin'
And feeling so silly
Because her dear Billy
Hadn't come to go walking with Helen.

MARTHA SULLENBERGER

Barry, Texas

"She is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of her works, the greatest ideas."

Graduate in Art; member Executive Board Student Association; Art Editor THE BLUESTOCKING; Mandolin Club.

If you are ever in trouble and really want some one to sympathize with you, to pat you on the back, and to say something that will make you feel ten times better, just go to "Aunt Martha." Turn over the pages in THE BLUESTOCKING and you will have some idea of the quantity and quality of the work which our artist does. Possessed of that most fortunate trait of seeing the good in others, and of the art of making people happy, Martha has proven to us, all unconsciously, how worthy these accomplishments are.

There was a young lady named Martha
Who took a whole lot of bother
To make silhouettes
Of all the school pets;
And this settled the hash of poor Martha.

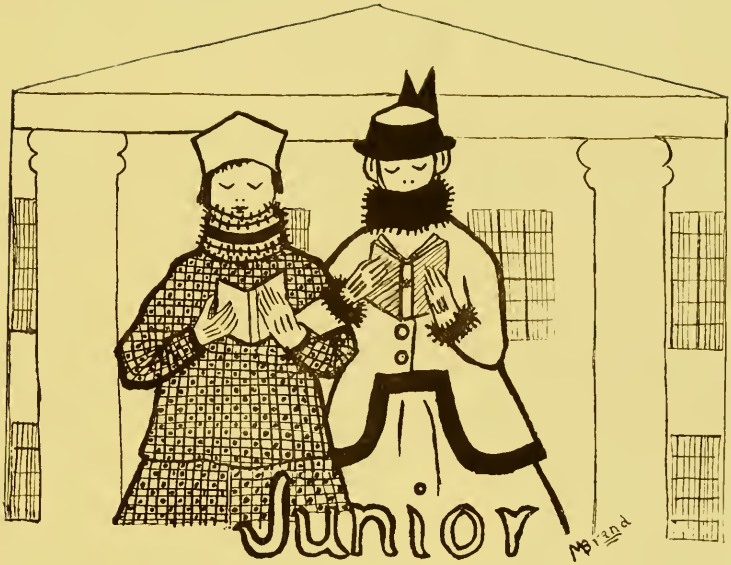
Junior Class Poem

Oh, we're the busy Juniors,
Working day and night;
If it wasn't for those Seniors,
We'd think that we were bright.

Oh, we're the jolly Juniors,
Finding time for fun,
Which we share with the Seniors,
When all our work is done.

Oh, we're the envious Juniors,
But then, are we to blame?
We want to be called Seniors—
There's meaning in the name.

And we're the hopeful Juniors,
Just think what it will mean,
For us to be the Seniors
Of nineteen seventeen!



PATRON

Miss Nellie Smithey

MOTTO

"There is no royal road to learning."

Flower	Colors
Richmond Red Rose	Blue and Gold

Annie Cobb .....President

MEMBERS

Nell Baylor — Annie Cobb

Virginia Wyse

JUNIOR SPECIALS

Byrnina Baugher
Mary Borden
Bessie Browning
Emily Burrow
Marjorie Cutts
Mary Dove
Lula Fretwell
Minnie Gray
Helen Heard
Virginia Helm
Frances Henshaw
Elise Kidd
Fan Lee
May Lindsay
Mary McAllister
Jane McIlhenny
Virginia Mitchell
Pauline Nebhut
Miriam Pond
Frances Shirley
Mary Shuster
Ione Staley
Edith Steinbeck
Hazel Swanson
Gertrude Turner

PATRON

Miss Anne Riddle

MOTTO

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Colors	Flower
Pink and Green	Pink Rose

Augusta Molloy ..... President

MEMBERS

Mary Lou Bell	Jane Kealhofer	Mary Ogg
Gladys Brice	Jewel Mears	Nina Price
Augusta Glass	Augusta Molloy	Jimmie Terrell

PATRON

Miss Mary F. Hurlburt

MOTTO

"Purpose is what gives life a meaning."

Colors
Nile Green and Pink

Flower
Killarney Rose

Jean Fraser ..... President

MEMBERS

Ella Barton
Elizabeth Bell
Betty Beaman
Elsie Curtis
Emma Dallavo
Marian Denyven
Jean Fraser
Martha Ruth Grace
Kathleen McKnight
Ella McDonald
Ruth Sites

Domestic Science!

Domestic Science Graduates

Marjorie Cutts
Emma Dallavo
Margery Deffenbaugh
Corinne Dewey
Elizabeth McCauley
Grace Owen
Ruth Prescott
Dorothy Wall

BOOK II

Literary Department
Prize Story
Original Story
Poem
History of class of 1916
Prophecy of class of 1916

Literary Department

Prizes for Bluestocking Work

For the best short story, offered by the Annual Board, and won by Miss Lucie Woodward.

For the best original story, offered by the Beverly Book Store, and won by Miss Jane Kealhofer.

For the best poem, offered by Mr. Lang, and won by Miss Lucie Woodward.

For the best art work, offered by The McClure Company, Inc., and won by Miss Martha Sullenberger.

The Twenty-fifth of June

THE SPARKLE and freshness of an early June morning lay on the green fields, and the dew still glistened on the grass and bushes by the roadside. The brightness of the morning was reflected in the faces of a party on horseback as they cantered along the smooth road. There were twelve of them, six girls and six men, and they kept up a continuous flow of conversation as they rode along, four abreast.

"What are we going to do today, Betty?" inquired a handsome brunette, turning halfway around in her saddle to address a little blonde, who rode behind her.

"Oh, I don't know," returned Betty, wrinkling her forehead childishly. "Having a house-party is an awful responsibility. You've all been on the go all winter, and I can't think of a thing new to amuse you with. I'm just going to let you amuse yourselves the rest of the time you're here; there's canoeing and golf and tennis and riding, and you ought to be able to pass the time somehow. Of course, I'll keep my eagle eye on you to see that you don't get into any mischief," and with a bewildering display of dimples, the diminutive hostess of the party turned to the man beside her and went on with the conversation her friend's question had interrupted.

Just then they rounded a curve in the road, and one of the girls cried, "Oh, look! Gypsies!" Sure enough, several wagons and tents could be seen at a little distance from the roadside, and about a dozen men and women were moving to and fro near them.

"Oh, Bob," cried Betty to her brother, who was riding with the brunette, "can't we have our fortunes told?"

"Why, sure," he responded heartily, "I'll go and see if I can find somebody to do it."

"We'll all go," said Betty, turning her horse into the meadow. "Come on, everybody."

The whole party followed her, and Bob accosted a man who was carrying water to some horses tethered nearby. "Anybody here who can tell for-

tunes?" The man answered him rather surlily. "Old Mother Crow'll do it," he said, pointing over his shoulder to where an old woman sat in front of a small tent. They all walked their horses over to the tent, and Betty inquired pleasantly, "Will you tell our fortunes?"

"Eh, dearie, if you cross my palm with silver," answered the old woman, rising and dropping them a curtsey. "But only one must come in at a time; it's bad luck for anybody to hear your fortune."

"You go first, Betty," cried the other girls, and Betty followed the old gypsy into the stuffy little tent, while the rest sat on their horses outside, talking and watching the other gypsies cooking their breakfast over the smoky fires.

Presently Betty came out giggling, and one by one the other girls went in, returning with exclamations of satisfaction or unbelief. The tall brunette was the fifth to go in, and when she came out she was frowning. "She didn't tell me a thing I wanted to hear," she said petulantly. "I believe she's an old fake, anyway. Come on, let's go."

"Miss Trelawny hasn't had hers told yet," said Bob, turning to a pretty, dark-eyed girl who was sitting a little apart from the others. "It's your turn, Miss Trelawny."

As the girl passed into the tent, the brunette said pettishly, "Oh, don't let's wait for her. I'm tired of standing around here."

"Why, Eleanor, that wouldn't be polite," said Betty, reprovingly. Then as Eleanor opened her lips to reply, she warded off the angry speech she knew was coming by saying hastily, "The rest of you ride on toward home, and Tom and Bob and I will wait."

"That's the penalty for being engaged, old man," called one of the men as they rode off, but "Tom" only looked smilingly at his golden-haired fiancée.

Meanwhile, in the tent, the old gypsy mumbled over Jean Trelawny's palm. "You've had trouble, dearie, though you're young, but your future is bright. In just a short while, you'll be very happy. You'll be engaged on the twenty-fifth of June, this year, to a tall young man with dark blue eyes and brown hair; and he has money, too. All your troubles will soon be over, dearie, and Mother Crow's blessing goes with you."

As she finished, Jean dropped some money into the withered hand and

went quickly back to where the others were waiting for her. When she came up, Betty inquired teasingly, "What did she tell you to make you blush so, Jean?" Jean's color grew brighter, but she made no answer, and when Betty found she wouldn't tell, she suggested a gallop, and in a few minutes they had caught up with the others. Breakfast over, they spent the morning on the tennis-court, and by lunch time the whole party, with one exception, had almost forgotten the meeting with the gypsies.

The exception was Jean Trelawny; in this, as in everything else that had happened since the house-party began, she was apart from the rest of the crowd. The year before, she and Betty Morrison had graduated together from college, where they had been intimate friends. Betty was a veritable child of fortune; beautiful, rich, popular, and still sweet and unspoiled, she left college to enter society, and now, at the end of her first season, she was engaged to a man whose wealth and social standing equaled her own. Jane was of fine old Southern family, but her parents had been poor, and when she was left an orphan at eighteen, an uncle had offered to send her to college, in order that she might fit herself to earn her livelihood. She had spent the winter teaching, and when Betty wrote her early in June, urging her to attend her house-party, she accepted with joyous anticipation of the good times she would have.

However, arrived at "Woodlawn," the Morrison's country home, she found everything very different from her expectations. Betty was as sweet and affectionate as ever, but her fiancé occupied a good deal of her time, and she expected Jean to fit in with the rest of the crowd and amuse herself as they did. They were all people whom Betty had met during the winter, friendly enough with one another, but very cool toward anyone not in "our set." The pretty Southern girl was emphatically not one of the "set," and the girls soon let her see it. Not that they were really rude—they were too well-bred for that—but their indifference and the chilling politeness with which they responded to her friendly overtures soon showed sensitive Jean that they did not care for her society. The men followed the lead of the girls; they had danced and laughed with them all winter, and why should a fellow incur their displeasure now by noticing a girl who, though rather pretty, was too quiet to be very attractive? Bob Morrison, impelled both

by courtesy and by a real interest in his sister's guest, tried to draw her into the various amusements the crowd planned, but Jean, hurt by the treatment of the others, met his advances coldly, and somewhat provoked, he left her to herself.

Jean was thinking over the state of affairs as she dressed for dinner the night after she had listened to the gypsy's prophecy. "I don't see how I can stand this much longer," she said to herself as she sat at the dressing-table arranging her hair. If it wasn't for hurting Betty, I'd go home right now, but she'd think she'd neglected me and be miserable. I could pretend I'm ill and go, but Uncle Billy would be so disappointed; he was so dear about wanting me to come and have a good time. I suppose I'll just have to stick it out, but it surely is hard, and," indignantly, "there isn't any sense in it. I'm just as well-born and well educated as they are, if I haven't sat in the lap of luxury all my life."

Then as she thought of Mother Crow's prophecy, her angry frown gave way to an amused smile. "Think of my being engaged by the twenty-fifth of June!" she murmured. "Why that's not two weeks off! And to a rich man, too! Rather improbable after the way the men here have ignored me; and anyway, if these are fair samples of 'the idle rich,' I think I prefer love in a cottage." Then, as she turned away from the mirror, she remembered the gypsy's description of her destined knight: "tall, with dark blue eyes and brown hair." Making a rapid mental survey of the men she knew, she could not think of one who answered the description.

The thought was still in her mind when she went down to dinner, where she found herself next to Bob Morrison. Turning to answer some casual remark of his, she looked into a pair of very deep blue eyes, and recalled, with a little shock, that he was very tall and had brown hair. The absurdity of thinking that he might be the unknown made her smile, and with a little shrug of her shoulders, she dismissed the idea.

The next few days were just like the three which had passed. Betty, selfish for the first time in her life, was engrossed in her own happiness, and the rest of the party treated Jean with consistent cold politeness. A lover of good books, she finally took refuge in the library, reveling in the treasures she found there, and would have been very happy but for the soreness at

her heart. While the rest of the crowd rode, swam, and played tennis, she read or wandered about the beautiful grounds, entertaining herself, as she had often done during her lonely childhood. After dinner, everybody usually danced, and it was then that Jean suffered most. Once or twice she pleaded a headache and excused herself immediately after dinner, to lie awake upstairs listening to the music and shedding angry tears in the darkness. However, she could not use that excuse every evening, and several times she lived through veritable nightmares as a "wall-flower," sitting beside Mrs. Morrison, while the others danced. The irony of it was that at home she was considered a good dancer, but the men here used a great many new steps, and when, on rare occasions, one of them asked her as a matter of duty, she was too nervous to follow well; so, the dance ended, her partner, with a few hurried words, would leave her with Mrs. Morrison and depart. That lady was very kind to her, but Jean was too wretched to be very responsive, and Mrs. Morrison thought her unappreciative.

At the end of a miserable week came the last day of the house-party, and Jean could say to herself exultingly, "Tomorrow I go home!" The final festivity was to be a big dance, and after an early dinner all the girls went upstairs to spend several anxious hours over their toilettes. Alone in her room, Jean was facing the situation with a feeling of blank despair, when an inspiration came to her. "I'm going to have a good time tonight, too," she said aloud and defiantly. "I'll show these girls that I can laugh and talk nonsense just as well as they can, and I'll dance better than I ever have, or die trying! I've watched the men here dance so often that I know each one's individual steps by heart, and I'm sure I can follow them perfectly, if I try hard enough."

Determined to be as different as possible from the Jean of the last few days, she fixed her hair a new way, which proved vastly becoming, and then, shivering with delicious excitement, slipped on the rose and silver gown which had been Uncle Billy's parting gift. When she turned for a last look at herself in the mirror, a charming reflection smiled back at her, and with eyes sparkling and cheeks glowing, she ran downstairs, where Bob, whom Betty had privately wheedled into taking her, stood waiting.

He started perceptibly when he realized that the rose-colored vision ap-

proaching him was "that quiet Miss Trelawny," but he concealed his surprise, and a few minutes later they were laughing and talking quite naturally as he wrote his initials opposite every other dance on her card.

"Don't you think you're taking a big risk?" inquired Jean mischievously. "You've never danced with me, you know."

"That was my stupidity," answered Bob promptly. "Now that I've come to my senses, it's cruel to remind me of the pleasure I have missed."

His speech was soon justified, for when they swung into the first dance, each knew immediately that the other would prove an ideal partner. Jean felt as if she had been dancing with him for years, and they glided over the floor in perfect sympathy with the compelling rhythm of the music.

The "stags," lounging against the wall or smoking on the veranda outside, saw and approved the dancing of "that pretty little brunette with Bob," and when the first dance ended, Jean was surrounded with men begging for dances. Laughing, she let them fill her card, enjoying her triumph to the fullest and rejoicing wickedly in the disdainful surprise of the other girls.

The evening passed like a glorious dream; the world seemed a whirl of lights, music, and gallant partners, Bob the most frankly admiring of all. When the guests had departed, Jean made her adieux to the rest of the house-party, for her train left at ten the next morning, and she knew they would be resting after the dance. Bob walked to the foot of the stair-case with her, and when she held out her hand to him, he said in a low tone, "This is good-night, not good-bye; I'll see you in the morning." Then she and Betty went upstairs together and left him smiling up at them in the glow of the hall.

In her room, Betty squeezed her rapturously. "Dear, you were the belle of the evening, and I am so glad. But I wish you wouldn't go home tomorrow. I've been so absorbed in Tom that I haven't seen you at all. You can telegraph your uncle that you are going to stay longer. Please, Jean!"

But Jean could not be persuaded. "No, dear," she said decidedly. "It's lovely of you to want me, but Uncle Billy will be expecting me, and I must go."

"Well," Betty sighed resignedly, "I suppose you know best, and I won't argue with you any more, but I wish you'd stay."

After a few minutes' conversation, the two girls parted with many kisses, for Jean insisted that Betty should not get up to see her off. "The housekeeper will see that I have my breakfast in time," she said, "and Baxter will take me to the station in the car. All my packing is done, so don't worry a minute about me; just go to sleep and dream about Tom," and she laughed at Betty's blush.

When Jean came downstairs next morning, dressed for the train and followed by a maid with her satchel, she found Bob waiting in the hall. "I'm going to take you to the station," he announced smiling, "so you'll have to share your breakfast with me."

Jean laughingly agreed, and together they went into the dining-room.

Both were in high spirits as they went out to where Bob's machine, a long, low racer, awaited them, and as they moved away, Jean smiled back at the big house she was leaving. As they swung out of the driveway into the wide, smooth road, Bob said suddenly, "Miss Trelawny, please don't think me inquisitive, but why didn't you let us see before what a charming girl you are? When you first came, you seemed so quiet that I thought you didn't care for frivolous things."

For a moment Jean hesitated; then she said quietly, "You were all so interested in one another that I seemed out of place among you, so I tried to entertain myself."

There was no bitterness in her tone, and she kept her eyes on the road ahead of them, but Bob, watching her narrowly, felt the hurt pride she was trying to conceal and saw with sudden clearness the unfairness and incivility of his attitude and that of the others toward the girl beside him.

On a sudden impulse he stopped the car, and turning to her, he said earnestly, "Miss Trelawny, there is nothing I can say which will express the utter contempt I feel for myself, and nothing in the world could ever atone for my behavior. I don't deserve that you should even speak to me again, but I'd be the happiest man alive if you'd just say you forgive me."

"Indeed, I do," responded Jean, touched by his evident sincerity, "and neither of us must ever think of it again." Smiling, she turned to him, and Bob, flushing a little, bent his head suddenly and touched his lips to the gloved hand which had rested on the wheel as they talked.

Jean smiled at his boyishness, but it was a very tender little smile, and all the way to the city her heart was singing a happy tune. Neither of them spoke again until they were threading the crowded streets, and then it was only of casual things.

A few minutes later, Jean was comfortably established on a southbound train, Bob beside her, cap in hand. "Just two minutes more," he said, glancing at his watch, and both rose. Bob took the slim hand in a strong clasp, and as he held it, looked down at her. "I'd like to run down to Virginia next Tuesday," he said hurriedly. "There's something I want to ask you. May I—Jean?"

The dark eyes raised to his were frank and sweet. "Yes, Bob," said Jean clearly. A moment's silence, then the conductor's warning cry, "All aboard!" a hurried "Good-bye!" and Bob was gone.

A moment later Jean turned from a last glimpse of him through the window, as he stood with bared head beside the train, and sank back against the cushions; then she sat up with a start. "Next Tuesday—why, that's the twenty-fifth of June!" she said aloud.

Then, as a woman across the aisle glanced at her in surprise, she subsided blushingly into the seat and looked out with a smile at the flying landscape.

LUCIE WOODWARD.

The Little Gold Slipper

"OH," SIGHED Elizabeth to herself as she sat alone on the broad veranda of the Ponce de Leon Hotel. She had been sitting there for some time wondering how she could stand being away from her little girl friends in the North for six more long weeks. It seemed ages since she, with her mother and her invalid father, had reached St. Augustine. She had been brave, however, and during the two weeks she had been there had tried to keep her mother from seeing how much she missed home, her play-mates, her big brother, and everything she had left behind her in Washington. This particular day she had been thinking especially hard about all these things, and, though she realized that she was a lucky little girl, and had no right to complain, still she did want to go back home so badly. She was so tired of seeing just "grown folks." How she longed for someone her own age who could play with her.

As she sat there on the porch in a big arm-chair, turning her troubles over in her mind, she glanced up and saw a little girl about her size standing in the doorway. Betty could not keep one of her sweet, attractive smiles from stealing over her face at this sight. "Was this little girl staying in the hotel? Who was she? When did she come?" All of these questions flashed over her mind as she sat there still smiling. "I wonder if I'll like her? She looks like she'll be loads of fun. Oh! I am sure we will have such good times together."

Evidently the new girl was as desirous of finding a companion as Betty, for, seeing the smile on Betty's face, she walked toward her.

"Oh! I am so glad to see that there is someone who is my size here," she said. "I've seen nothing but Mother's friends since we left home. Do tell me your name."

"Betty," was the quick reply.

"Oh, what a pretty name! Mine is Eugenia Holmes."

"When did you come to St. Augustine?" asked Betty, timidly.

"Came this morning on the nine-fifteen train."

"Goodness! you've been here all day, and I am just finding you?"

"Yes, seems like I would have seen you before."

"What have you been doing?"

"Have you been in the surf today?"

"No. Father has not been well for the last few days, so Mother and I haven't been going in the surf. Mother hates to leave him."

"I'm so sorry he's sick. I hope he'll be well soon. You'll have to go in bathing with us some time."

"Thank you," said Betty, "I'd love to."

Betty was beginning to like her new-found friend very well, and she already felt as if she had known her for a long time. Eugenia had drawn her chair up close beside the other girl's, and they were both looking out over the sea at the pretty white-caps which seemed especially white that day. For a few moments they said nothing.

"Haven't seen anything of my brother, have you?" Eugenia finally asked.

"No; how big is your brother?"

"Just as big as I am. We're twins. Both born on the same day, and we'll both be twelve years old next March."

"Oh, it must be lots of fun to have a brother your own age. Don't you have good times together? I imagine you would never be lonely. I have a big brother; he's mighty sweet, but such an awful tease."

"Yes, that's the trouble about brothers. They think just 'cause you're a girl, you can't do this, and you can't do that. My brother likes to tease me, too, but sometimes I get the best of him. We do have good times together, though. Oh! there he is now. Come here, Billy!"

Billy was rather tall for his age, but very well developed. He had Eugenia's sparkling brown eyes, but his black, wavy hair was in striking contrast with his sister's golden curls. "The twins do not look very much alike," thought Betty, as the boy came nearer them. How good-looking Billy was! She had been impressed, from the first, with the sweet, attractive manners of her new friend, but she wasn't handsome, like Billy. Betty found herself looking at him with her mouth open wide in wonderment.

"Billy, this is Betty. She's staying here at the Ponce de Leon. Isn't that lovely?" said Eugenia enthusiastically.

"I'm glad to meet you," said Betty, and she timidly extended her little hand to shake hands with him.

"It is fine that you are stopping here," said Billy. "Sister, have you seen Auntie?" he asked, turning to his twin.

"She has gone out for a ride with Uncle. She said she was so tired that she thought a little fresh air would do her good."

"When will she be back?"

"Oh, I guess she won't be gone over an hour longer."

"The mischief! There's a young man in the lobby who wants me to go crabbing. Wish she would hurry back. Guess she would mind if I went without telling her?"

"Better not do anything like that. You remember what happened to you the time you went on the flying-ginny without telling Auntie you were going. Auntie isn't well, and if I were you I wouldn't worry her. She doesn't usually like for us to go on the water, you know."

"I just wish she were here," continued Billy, walking up and down the porch, as if quite worried.

Betty had been quiet all this time. She liked to sit and watch people move about and talk. She enjoyed seeing their different expressions as they conversed. Billy was very boyish in all his movements. His twin was almost motherly in the way she had been advising him. The two children were so different, and yet there was something so alike about them.

Billy worried for a few more seconds over his present misfortune. Then after bidding them good-bye, he wandered into the hotel. Betty and Eugenia remained on the porch for some time afterward. They were very congenial. Indeed, they were both having such a good time that they forgot it was growing late. Finally, about five-thirty, they arose and hurried upstairs to dress for dinner.

This was the beginning of a very pleasant friendship. Billy and Eugenia stayed in St. Augustine about four weeks. Betty was constantly with them. They motored together, played together, and went into the surf together. Mrs. Holmes always included Betty in everything she planned for her niece

and nephew, and she was always planning something for their entertainment. She was devoted to them both, for they had been under her care ever since they were babies, and she felt as if these orphans were her own children, and was never happier than when she was spending some of her fortune on them. Betty's father was not very strong and hence demanded much of her mother's attention. She was glad to see her little girl enjoy the trips on which Mrs. Holmes and the children were so eager to have her accompany them. She was pleased to see that Betty was no longer lonely and to feel that she was in safe hands.

Thus the time passed, and the three children became more fond of one another every day. Billy was like a brother to both the girls, and, unlike most boys of his age, did not feel that he was a "sissy" because he was with them so much. He was very sensible, and enjoyed them both very much.

One day the three children were sitting on the porch of the hotel. They were going down to see the old fort that morning. They had been ready and waiting for Mrs. Holmes for quite a while. 'Twas unusual for her to be late. What could be the matter?

Finally, the soft, even step of Mrs. Holmes was heard, and all of them arose and walked toward her. She looked unusually happy that morning. "Children," she said, "I have something to tell you."

"Oh! what is it?" they all exclaimed.

"There is a committee of St. Augustine ladies in the parlor," she said, taking one of the chairs nearby. "They are trying to get up an entertainment, the proceeds of which are to go to the poor Armenians, who are suffering so from this awful war. They want to know if you three will take part in the performance of Cinderella which they are planning to give. Now I think it is a very good cause, indeed, and I thought you would enjoy being in the play. I told them I would ask you, but that I was sure you would be very enthusiastic."

From the time she began talking to them their eyes had been getting bigger and bigger. They could hardiy wait for her to finish her last sentence before they exclaimed, "Oh, won't that be fine! Certainly, we think it's fine of them to want us to help them."

"Betty, they want you to be Cinderella, and, Billy, you are to be the Prince," she continued.

"Fie! fie! sweethearts," said Eugenia teasingly, "and I'll bet I'm going to be the Fairy Godmother," she added. "Get me a pumpkin," she commanded, pointing to Betty, as if she were already rehearsing her part.

"Yes, Eugenia, dear, they want you to be the Fairy Godmother," said her aunt.

"Oh, really? I am so glad; I always did want to be a Fairy Godmother."

That afternoon they had their first rehearsal. The other characters in the play were taken by St. Augustine children. The date set for the play was the fifteenth of February. That meant that there were but three short weeks for all the rehearsing, getting of the costumes, scenery, and everything. It was to be three weeks of hard work for these little girls and boys, but they worked very earnestly at it, and really seemed to enjoy it very much.

At last the night came for the performance. There had been many more tickets sold than the players had expected. There were going to be about a hundred people at the play.

The night had come, and it was only ten minutes before the curtain was to rise. The audience was being quietly seated in the soft-cushioned chairs. Behind the scenes all was excitement. The scene shifters were running hither and thither, arranging the scenery. The actors were hurrying about to see if their costumes were arranged all right. Everyone was laughing and talking except the little girl who was standing alone in one corner. This was Betty. She was looking unusually sweet in her ragged Cinderella costume, but she also looked very sad.

"What's the matter, Betty?" asked Billy, walking toward her little corner.

"Oh, I was just thinking how different this place is going to be tomorrow, when you and Eugenia have gone. I'm going to miss you so much. It's going to be awfully lonely here," she said.

"Well, Betty, you know we are going to miss you just lots, but you mustn't ever forget us, and you must write to us. There they are, calling you. You'd better hurry, as it is time for the curtain to rise."

The little play was a great success. Betty made a lovely Cinderella

and a charming Princess, while Billy was an ideal Prince. Eugenia also starred as Betty's Fairy Godmother.

After it was all over Mrs. Holmes gave a supper to the players. This was a big surprise. Not even Billy or Eugenia knew anything about it. The table was very prettily decorated. At one end there was a pumpkin with six small pasteboard mice, while at the other there was a miniature coach drawn by six little ponies. The place-cards were pretty gilt slippers, filled with bonbons. In the toe of Betty's was a little package wrapped in tissue paper. She was so excited that her fingers were all thumbs when she tried to open it. Finally it unrolled, and there dropped out a tiny gold pin, in the shape of a slipper, with a diamond in the heel.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed when she saw what it was. "Mrs. Holmes, you are the sweetest lady in the world for giving this pin to me. It is so beautiful!" she said, jumping up and throwing her arms around her friend's neck.

"I am so glad you like it, dear," Mrs. Holmes replied sweetly.

The children all enjoyed the party very much, and they laughed and talked merrily. It did Mrs. Holmes' heart good to see them all so happy.

* * * * * * * * *

Betty felt very sad the next morning as she stood on the porch and watched the big motor-car, which contained Mrs. Holmes and the twins, wheel round the corner and out of sight. The last few weeks had seemed like a wonderful dream to her, and now she felt that she was waking up after it was all over. She hated to think of the next few weeks she was to spend in that big hotel with her companions gone. She found these weeks, however, not nearly so lonely as she had expected. Her father was improving so much that he was able to be out in the air almost all of each day. So she and her mother and father had some very pleasant times together.

The day finally came for her to return to her home in the North. They motored over to Jacksonville and took the boat for Baltimore. The sea trip was an ideal one, and Betty enjoyed it very much.

It was a cold, crisp March day when Betty stepped off the train in Washington. All of her little friends were down at the station to meet her;

her brother, of course, was there, and all her mother's friends. It was so good to be back home again and see all those old familiar faces. She was so happy!

* * * * * * * * *

The next ten years of Betty's life were spent in getting a good, sound education. She of course was sent to the best schools in Washington, and then she went to boarding-school for two years, and after completing her course there traveled abroad for one winter. She was an unusually bright girl, and came off with all the honors in her studies. She was now in Washington making her début and was decidedly the belle of the season. She was so pretty and so sweet and attractive that everybody, big and little, old and young, loved her.

All during her school life she had been very popular. Both girls and boys had liked her. She had had many little love affairs and thought often that she was really in love, but she never forgot the little boy she had known so long ago, in Florida. She had lost trace of him long ago, but never ceased to wonder whether she would ever see him again. "Oh, it would be so romantic if I should meet him again," she would often say, "and find that I have really been in love with him all these years. Now, Mother, you know that would be romantic, wouldn't it?" she would add. Her mother always agreed with her, but smiled with her assent, for, inwardly, she knew it was but a fancy of her child's, this meeting Billy again.

Betty had been "on the go" a great part of the time the winter she made her début. About the middle of January she was beginning to show the effects of such dissipation. She was beginning to lose the pretty color in her cheeks, and was looking tired all the time.

Her mother and father had been watching her for some time, and at last decided that a trip through Florida would be the best thing they could give her. When her mother told her of their plans, Betty was sorely distressed. She hated to leave Washington,—just think what good times she was going to miss! But her mother and father insisted that she must go, and she finally consented.

* * * * * * * * *

Betty had been in Florida about two weeks and was having just as good times as she had ever had at home.

"Mother," she said, "I'm so glad you brought me down here. How could I ever rebel against coming to this wonderful place?"

"I thought you would like it when you saw how lovely it was here. You were too little to enjoy it when you were here before," her mother had said.

There was to be a big masked ball on February 22, at the hotel. This ball, which was given every year, was one of the big affairs of the season. People from all over the South came to it. Betty and her friends were very much excited. Betty had decided to go as a Fairy-Tale Princess.

Finally the night for the ball came. Betty was a little late, and when she arrived the dance floor was filled with people. Such an array of gorgeous costumes as she had never seen before was displayed that night. There were lots of Pierrots and Pierrettes, many Shakespearian characters, a number of Kings, Queens, Dukes, and the like, but only one Fairy Princess. Everyone wore a mask. As Betty glanced about the room she thought she saw no one whom she knew. She felt as if she were in a foreign land.

It was a few minutes before twelve. The music had stopped. Betty was sitting on the porch surrounded by her usual host of admirers. She was possibly talking a little loud, for a manly Prince who was standing nearby was attracted by her voice. He didn't mean to be eavesdropping, but he could not help listening to what she was saying. There was something in her voice which sounded so familiar. Where had he heard that voice before?

Presently the music started. Betty arose and turned to enter the ball-room, followed by her friends. The young man, who had been unable to refrain from listening to her conversation, stepped aside that she might pass into the room. Doing so, he turned and got a full view of the little lady with the sweet voice. His eye fell on the little gold slipper with the diamond heel which she wore in the front of her dress.

The Prince pulled out his watch. It was five minutes before twelve. He walked slowly over to the girl and, touching her dancing partner gently on his shoulder, asked in a very gentlemanly manner, "May I break?"

The man of course assented and Betty danced off with the tall strange man. She wondered if it were the disguise which made him look so strange,

or was it that she just didn't know him? At any rate, if she didn't know him she could not say anything, for this was a big masked ball and such things as dancing with strange young men were permissible. Besides, he was such a good dancer! So she stopped worrying and began to consider herself quite a lucky person.

He led her straight to the door. "Let's go out on the porch," he said; "it is so warm in here."

They walked out on the porch and occupied a bench in a remote corner, behind a large palm. Betty did not think much of this seat, but it was the only one vacant which she could see, and she was so tired. Just as they sat down the clock struck twelve. At this signal for unmasking the Prince threw off his mask. Betty stared at him in amazement. She, too, for some unknown reason removed her mask, but remained silent. She was still looking at the stranger. That face, those eyes, that hair, surely she could never forget them; though it had been many years since she had seen that person, well did she remember his appearance to the minutest detail. Was—was this——

"Yes, Betty, this is Billy Holmes," the gentleman finally said, as if answering her unspoken question.

"Billy," she said, "how could I have doubted for one moment who *you* were? You don't know how glad I am to see you again. And, to think, after all these years (just about ten years, isn't it?), we should meet here in this same hotel where we first met. It wouldn't have happened but once out of a thousand times."

"No," he said, "but I am mighty glad ours happens to be that one out of the thousand times."

"Billy, did you have any idea whom you were breaking when you broke in a few moments ago?"

"Certainly I did. I heard you talking to that string of men on the other side of the porch, and thought that there was something familiar about your voice. As I was thinking of you, naturally I would recognize in your voice the slightest note of resemblance to that sweet voice I used to know you by. Then, when I saw that little slipper in your frock, I just knew it was YOU."

"Thank goodness for that little pin," she said, looking up at him very tantalizingly.

"Oh, you do love me, don't you, Betty?"

"Yes——I love you," she said slowly.

"Then you will be my real Queen, won't you?"

"And you were my real Prince, after all, weren't you?"

They sat there together for quite a while reviewing all that had happened while they were separated and rejoicing that, after all these years, they had met again.

JANE KEALHOFER.

Good-night Song

Little bird, sleep and rest in your high tree-top nest
By the gentle winds rocked to and fro;
High above in the blue shine the stars clear and true,
And the calm world lies dreaming below.

I, too, lie at rest, little bird, near your nest,
By my window up close to the eaves;
The same soft breeze blesses me with sweet caresses
As it rustles among the green leaves.

The mountains loom high 'twixt the earth and the sky
'Neath the low-hanging moon's silver beam;
Through the night, crouching low, they shall guard from each foe
The fair valley that lies now a-dream.

When the sun's early ray shall announce the new day,
May you wake to a world of delight;
With a hope then so fair let us part with all care;
Sweet dreams, little warbler! good night.

LUCIE WOODWARD.

History of the Class of 1916

HE HISTORY of the Literary Seniors of 1916 goes back to the year 1911 when Margaret St. Clair, of Tazewell, Virginia, entered upon her eventful career as a student here. She was a timid child of tender years, but from the first showed the qualities necessary to a graduate. She hurried, if Margaret could ever hurry, along that first year all unconcerned and unannoyed, enjoying those frivolous pleasurse of spending the nights across campus and cooking. But she has outgrown such child's play!

In 1912 Ellen Scott, of Tazewell, Virginia, and Ida Smith, of Ronceverte, West Virginia, were two more bits of sod gathered to the stone rolling towards the year 1916. Ellen was one reckless child, "rushing in where angels fear to tread," and thus acquiring her only demerit during her four years among us. "Boy" from the first became the leader of the class, and why not? Her very name, "Boy," was enough to gain her popularity, to say nothing of her many other endearing qualities. She is the first "Boy" to graduate from M. B. S., but it would be the school's gain if it could boast of more such graduates. That year we were organized into a class with Margaret St. Clair as our president and Miss McFarland our class patron. The one eventful episode of our Freshman year must have been when we had our Freshman pictures taken for THE BLUESTOCKING, since that is the one remembered incident in the historian's mind.

My! how we had increased in importance by the fall of 1913. That year our class discovered that it now possessed for its foundation a good, solid "Bottom," an ideal Kentucky wonder; and Lucie Woodward, of Staunton, Virginia, joined us, too. We were aware then, and have been ever since, that our class could never lack brilliancy with these two wonders with us. Ida Smith was the president for this year, and as we were the only ones who appreciated our importance we had to make a big fuss for ourselves, unnoticed by others. It was nice to be a Sophomore, but it was better to be a Junior.

Our Junior year the specials in voice, piano and art were numbered

among the Junior class. Cornelia Christian, of Lynchburg, Virginia, often added to our pleasures by singing for us. Her voice is a soprano—of exceptional charm. Katherine Johnson, of Franklin, West Virginia, is our other graduate in voice, and her full rich notes always bring joy to us when we hear her sing. Four piano graduates joined us that year: Virginia Burwell, Edith Pitts, and Grace Lee, all three of Virginia, and Nan Smith, of West Virginia. Our art Juniors were Martha Sullenberger, of Texas, and Helen Blackburn, of Staunton, both very artistic handlers of the brush and palette. Two bright spots of our Junior year were a picnic given by our class patron and the Junior-Senior banquet, over which Ellen Scott presided as president of the class.

We were really glad to get back to M. B. S. the fall of our Senior year and overjoyed to find three new specials to add to our list: Zolier Glassell, of Louisiana, is doing the unusual thing of graduating in piano in one year; Beulah Neff, of Staunton, and Cora Lott, of North Carolina, are the two other piano graduates.

The outstanding event during the early months of school was the granting of Senior privileges to the Literary graduates. After mid-year exams we were asked to go as a class on a pleasure walk with Miss McFarland. Along in April came that grand Junior-Senior banquet, wonder of wonders! where Elizabeth Bottom, president of the Senior class, had the seat of honor.

But as all good things must end, so our days at Mary Baldwin are now past history. May the future of the class of 1916 hold for us as many joys and as few sorrows as the years spent at our Alma Mater.

A Glimpse at the Future

At a meeting of the Seniors, said the President to me:
"You must be the class Cassandra; write the Senior prophecy."

So "I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see;
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be";

Saw the class of nineteen-sixteen working in their various spheres,
Gaining praise and every honor with the passing of the years;

Saw our President most charming, as the first bride of the class,
Clad in robes of shining satin, to the flower-decked altar pass.

Then appeared our dark-eyed Cora, who will ever hearts beguile,
With her gay, entrancing music and the sunshine of her smile.

And I saw Cornelia Christian, singer sweet of M. B. S.,
Win from audiences of thousands, acclamation and success.

Down in far-off Tazewell, Ellen, with her intellect acute,
Sat from nine till two in class-rooms, teaching young ideas to shoot.

Then came Edith Pitts. Fair maiden, ah, thy fame will never die!
I could see thee in thy glory, reigning belle at V. M. I.

And my heart was free from worry over Margaret St. Clair,
For she had engaged a "Warden," and she'll have the best of care.

Through the years Virginia Burwell with her music still decoys,
From their drill and from their lessons, countless throngs of Kable boys.

Resting from her years of labor (?), Nan was sitting at her ease,
With her fingers straying softly o'er a great pipe-organ's keys.

Ida stood upon a stump, haranguing every passer-by,
Pleading for her sex's freedom; "Votes for Women!" was her cry.

In the wilds of West Virginia, Katherine Johnson spent her days,
Teaching those who wished to warble, how to trill sweet roundelays.

Helen Blackburn's skilful fingers were portraying charming scenes;
She was raking in the shekels illustrating magazines.

"Every gate was thronged with suitors," when I Beulah's fate did scan;
Proudly she received their homage. Who will be the lucky man?

Martha was a famous artist. See her brow with laurel crowned!
Just to view her works of beauty, people came from miles around.

Next in line was Zolier Glassell, ever calm amidst all strife,
Bringing with her nimble fingers glorious harmonies to life.

"Deutschland, Deutschland, uber alles!" drifted to my startled ears:—
Lucie Woodward, still in college, seeking wisdom through the years.

Last appeared a fair musician—"Sweetly did she speak and move"—
Grace, the idol of our school days, "whom to look at was to love."

Though their lives were widely different, still through all their happiness,
In their hearts there lived forever mem'ries fond of M. B. S.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Ellen B. Scott

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Lucie Woodward ..... Literary Editor

Jane McIlhenny ..... Assistant Editor

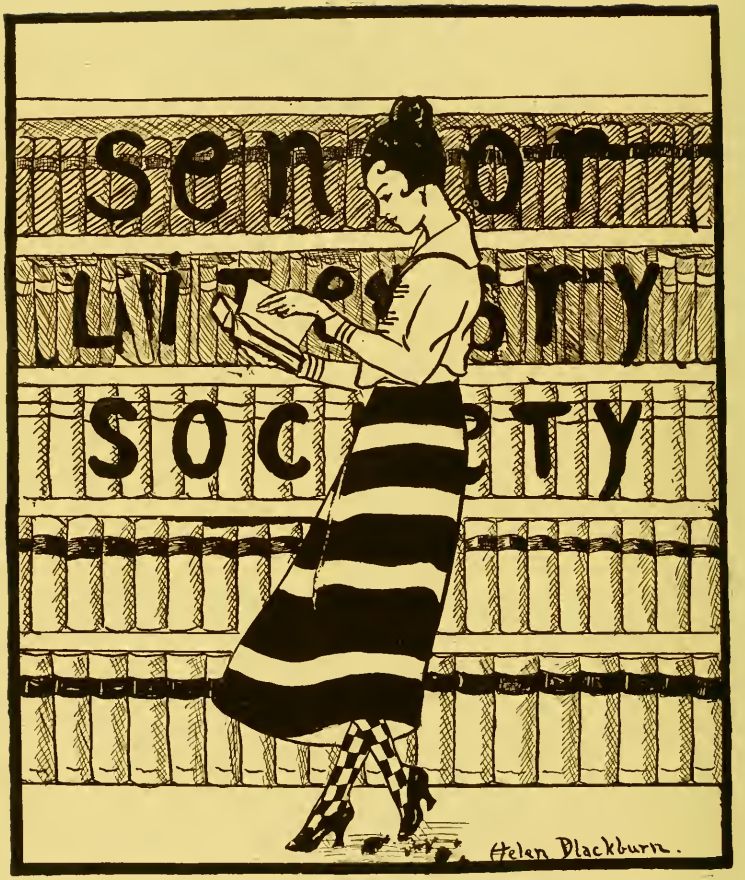
Helen Heard, Fan Lee ..... Exchange Editors

Miss McFarland ..... Alumnæ Editor

Virginia Wyse ..... Advertising Manager

Grace Lee ..... Business Manager

Miss Barbour ..... Supervisor


Sen
LIT
SOC
Helen Blackburn.

Senior Literary Society

OFFICERS

Annie Cobb ..... President
Ellen Scott ..... Vice-President
Margaret St. Clair ..... Secretary
Grace Lee ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Margaret Alexander
Nell Baylor
Ida Beall
Elizabeth Beaman
Elizabeth Bottom
Hester Busey
Cornelia Christian
Annie Cobb
Lois Crank
Mary Dove
Zolier Glassell
Helen Heard
Frances Julian
Katherine Johnson
Jane Kealhofer
Frances Lee
Grace Lee
Cora Lott
Mary McAllister
Jewel Mears
Elizabeth McCauley
Jane McIlhenny
Kathleen McKnight
Virginia Mitchell
Augusta Molloy
Mannie Nottingham
Edith Pitts
Nina Price
Ellen B. Scott
Sidney Simmerman
Ida Bocock Smith
Mary Smith
Hazel Swanson
Margaret St. Clair
Jimmie Terrell
Lucie Woodward
Virginia Wyse

Junior Literary Society

OFFICERS

Elise Kidd ..... President
Clarice Moyer ..... Vice-President
Mary Harding Buckner ..... Recording Secretary
Virginia Helm ..... Corresponding Secretary
Bessie Browning ..... Treasurer
Alice Vincent, Dorothy Sutton ..... Librarians
Margaret Palmer Miller ..... Chairman of Entertainment Committee

MEMBERS

Josephine Adams
Katherine Baker
Mary Boyd
Bessie Browning
Mary Harding Buckner
Emily Burrow
Dorothy Burwell
Gladys Childs
Mary Cowan
Mary Hill Cunningham
Marjorie Cutts
Margery Deffenbaugh
Marian Denyven
Corinne Dewey
Ann Dodge
Nellie B. Dodge
Winifred Eisenberg
Lillian Farinholt
Daviette Ficklen
Margaret Finley
Ruth Finley
Virginia Galliher
Ruth Gannaway
Martha Ruth Grace
Anna H. Green
Mary Harman
Ruby Hays
Irene Hevener
Marion Hutcheson
Elise Kidd
Anne Lee
Virginia Helm
May Lindsay
Gladys Lynn
Ella McDonald
Marjorie McKenny
Marie McKenzie
Madeleine Miller
Margaret Palmer Miller
Clarice Moyer
Pauline Nebhut
Catherine Ramer
Mildred Searson
Amelia Shepherd
Frances Shirley
Mary Shuster
Ione Staley
Katherine St. Clair
Dorothy Sutton
Hester Tregoe
Marjorie Truly
Gertrude Turner
Alice Vincent
Marion White
Hilda Witty
Elizabeth Wood
Virginia Wright
Elizabeth Zabriskie

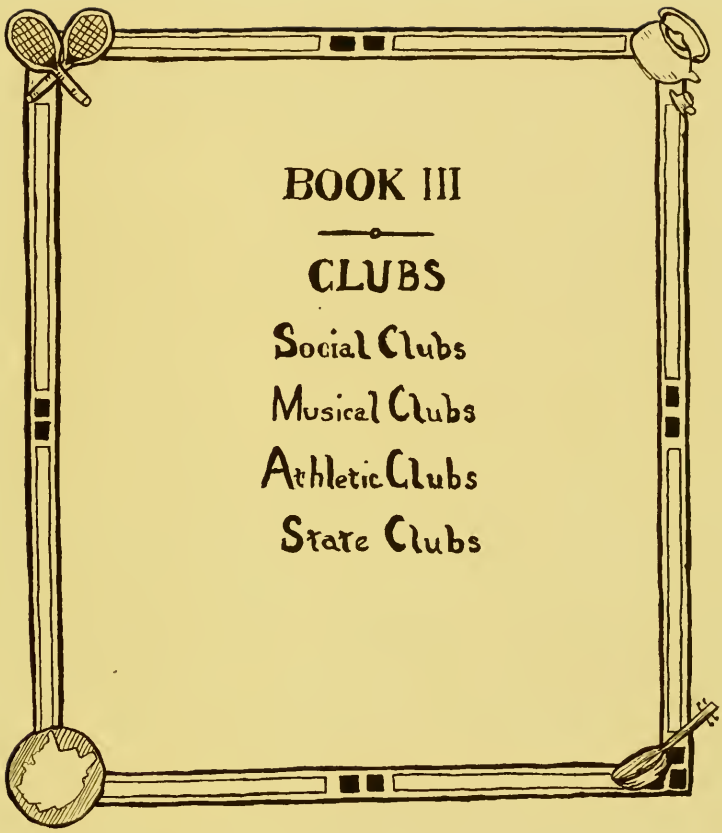
Hawthorne Literary Society

OFFICERS

Alberta Lockhart ..... President
Alice Archer ..... Vice-President
Frances Churchman ..... Secretary
Virginia Parkins ..... Treasurer
Juliet Kyle ..... Chairman of Program Committee
Mary Haskell ..... Chairman of Membership Committee
Virginia Parkins ..... Chairman of Finance Committee
Martha Dudley ..... Chairman of Attendance Committee

MEMBERS

Alice Archer
Margaret Bell
Mary Bell
Ruth Campbell
Frances Churchman
Martha Dudley
Julia Edwards
Hallie Fleisher
Juliet Kyle
Alberta Lockhart
Dorothy Mercereau
Cornelia Miller
Virginia Parkins
Rose Prather
Geneva Smith
Harriet Sproul
Helen Townsend
Zena Tutwiler
Frances Witz



BOOK III

CLUBS

Social Clubs

Musical Clubs

Athletic Clubs

State Clubs

Club Members

C. O. D.

Elizabeth Bottom
Margaret St. Clair

Z. T. Z.

Cornelia Christian
Clifton Fox
Hazel Swanson

X. Y. Z.

Nell Baylor
Ellen B. Scott
Ida Bocock Smith
Margaret St. Clair

K. E. Y.

Annie Cobb
Elsie Curtis
Jimmie Terrell
Virginia Wyse

T. T.

Marion Hutcheson
Dorothy Sutton

S. L. G.

Madeleine Miller
Dorothy Wall

T. D. S.

Beatrice Suffern
Gertrude Turner

D. F. G.

May Lindsay
Jane McIlhenny
Nan Smith

J. U. G.

Anna H. Green

Clubs
JUG
OAF
KEP
Death of Clubs

Picture Club

Emily Burrow ..... President
Gillie-Ann Reily ..... Vice-President
Alice Vincent ..... Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Beaman
Emily Burrow
Sarah Burrowes
Julia Edwards
Mary Harman
Sarah Henne
Jane McIlhenny
Pauline Nebhut
Catherine Ramer
Gillie-Ann Reily
Mary Smith
Martha Sullenberger
Hazel Swanson
Anita Triplett
Alice Vincent
Laruna Wolcott

HONORARY MEMBER

Miss Weimar

History Club of M. B. S.

OFFICERS

President ..... Elizabeth Bottom
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Lucie Woodward

MEMBERS

Nell Baylor
Ida Beall
Elizabeth Bottom
Bessie Browning
Mary Dove
Zolier Glassell
Virginia Helm
Frances Lee
Grace Lee
Jewel Mears
Clarice Moyer
Mannie Nottingham
Nina Price
Ellen B. Scott
Ida Bocock Smith
Margaret St. Clair
Martha Sullenberger
Dorothy Sutton
Hazel Swanson
Jimmie Terrell
Lucie Woodward
Virginia Wyse

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss E. C. Weimar
Miss Martha D. Riddle

GERMAN
CLUB

German Club

OFFICERS

Elise Kidd ..... President

Elizabeth Bottom ..... Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Josephine Adams
Katherine Baker
Byrnina Baugher
Mary Beasley
Elizabeth Bottom
Mary Boyd
Elsie Mae Bradley
Gladys Brice
Mary Harding Buckner
Emily Burrow
Sarah Burrowes
Dorothy Burwell
Mary Couch
Margaret Cox
Annie Cobb
Frances Champe
Cornelia Christian
Elsie Curtis
Marjorie Cutts
Emma Dallavo
Corinne Dewey
Clifton Fox
Ruth Gannaway
Augusta Glass
Elois Graham
Ruby Hays
Marion Hutcheson
Jane Kealhofer
Elise Kidd
Anne Lee
Fan Lee
Grace Lee
Gladys Lynn
Jane McIlhenny
Marie McKenzie
Kathleen McKnight
Margaret Palmer Miller
Augusta Molloy
Clarice Moyer
Pauline Nebhut
Edith Pitts
Catherine Ramer
Gillie-Ann Reily
Elise Sanders
Ida Bocock Smith
Mary Smith
Nan Smith
Ione Staley
Katherine St. Clair
Margaret St. Clair
Beatrice Suffern
Dorothy Sutton
Hazel Swanson
Jimmie Terrell
Hester Tregoe
Gertrude Turner
Virginia Vedder
Alice Vincent
Marion White

Elise Kidd ..... President
Dorothy Wall ..... Vice-President
Edith Steinbeck ..... Secretary-Treasurer

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Bell
Miss Day
Miss Martin

MEMBERS

Katherine Baker
Mary Beasley
Ella Barton
Marjorie Cavers
Gladys Childs
Ann Dodge
Nellie B. Dodge
Zolier Glassell
Helene Gordon
Elise Kidd
Dorothea Meyers
Frances Shirley
Edith Steinbeck
Anita Triplett
Dorothy Wall

Gertrude Turner ....President

MEMBERS

Elsie Curtis

Marjorie Cutts

Helen Merriam

Beatrice Suffern

Martha Sullenberger

Gertrude Turner

Marian Vickers

Virginia Wright

Emma Dallavo ..... Musical Director

Gillie-Ann Reily ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Byrnina Baugher	Mary Couch	Kathleen McKnight
Mary Beasley	Emma Dallavo	Catherine Ramer
Sarah Burrowes	Corinne Dewey	Gillie-Ann Reily
Dorothy Burwell	Mary Harman	Mildred Searson
Annie Cobb	Fan Lee	Hazel Swanson
	Dorothy Wall	Hilda Witty

Choral Class

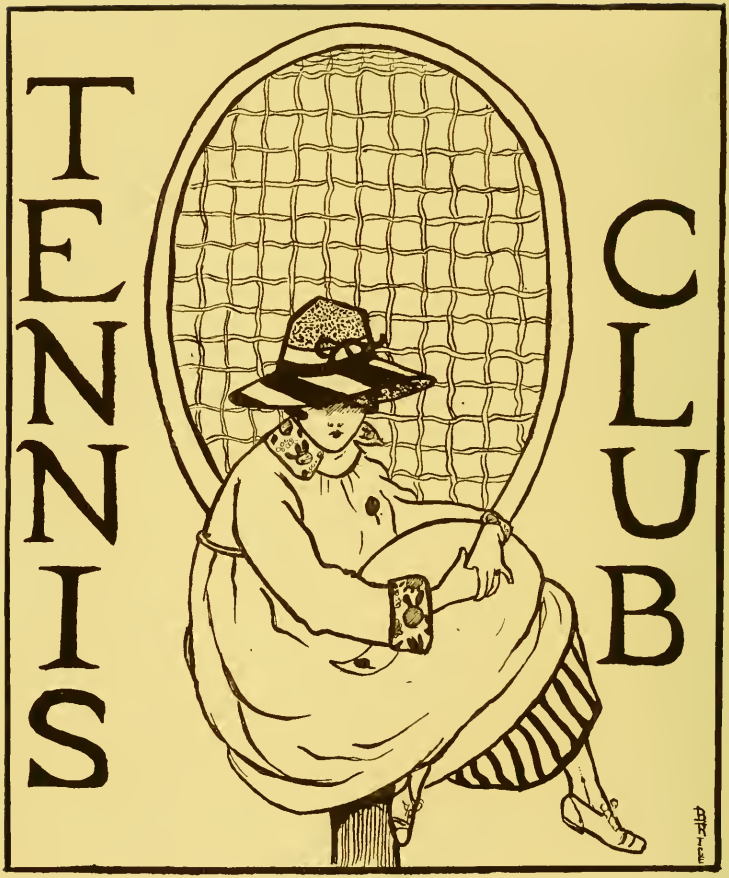
MEMBERS

Josephine Adams
Mary Beasley
Sarah Burrowes
Dorothy Burwell
Gladys Childs
Cornelia Christian
Mary Cowan
Margaret Cox
Mary Dove
Lula Fretwell
Helen Heard
Catharine Holt
Katherine Johnson
Grace Lee
Fan Lee
Mary McAllister
Margaret Palmer Miller
Virginia Mitchell
Mannie Nottingham
Miriam Pond
Catherine Ramer
Gillie-Ann Reily
Edith Searson
Mary Shuster
Ione Staley
Anita Triplett
Marion White
Lucie Woodward

MEMBERS

Margaret Alexander
Katherine Baker
Betty Beaman
Emily Burrow
Gladys Childs
Mary Couch
Marjorie Cutts
Emma Dallavo
Corinne Dewey
Ann Dodge
Lillian Farinholt
Daviette Ficklen
Elois Graham
Mary Harman
Vaneeta Huyette
Fan Lee
Grace Lee
Ella McDonald
Jane McIlhenny
Elise Sanders
Geneva Smith
Margaret St. Clair
Katherine St. Clair
Beatrice Suffern
Hazel Swanson
Hester Tregoe
Virginia Vedder
Alice Vincent
Dorothy Wall
Elizabeth Wood
Virginia Wright
Elizabeth Zabriskie

Grace Lee ....President
Beatrice Suffern ....Treasurer


TENNIS
CLUB

Tennis Club

Margaret St. Clair ..... President
Byrnina Baugher ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Katherine Baker
Byrnina Baugher
Ida Beall
Betty Beaman
Eleanor Beckham
Mary Beasley
Elizabeth Bell
Elizabeth Bottom
Mary Boyd
Gladys Brice
Elizabeth Brock
Bessie Browning
Mary Harding Buckner
Emily Burrow
Sarah Burrowes
Dorothy Burwell
Marjorie Cavers
Frances Champe
Gladys Childs
Annie Cobb
Dorothy Connor
Helen Copenhaver
Margaret Cox
Mary Couch
Mary Hill Cunningham
Marjorie Cutts
Emma Dallavo
Margery Deffenbaugh
Marian Denyven
Mary Lynn Dobson
Ann Dodge
Nellie B. Dodge
Mary Dove
Lillian Farinholt
Daviette Ficklen
Margaret Finley
Ruth Finley
Clifton Fox
Zolier Glassell
Helene Gordon
Elois Graham
Minnie Gray
Dorothy Guy
Ruby Hays
Mary Harman
Virginia Harriman
Helen Heard
Virginia Helm
Frances Henshaw
Marion Hutcheson
Vaneeta Huyette
Marie Jordan
Jane Kealhofer
Elise Kidd
Virginia Kinkaid
Anne Lee
Fan Lee
Grace Lee
Miriam Lindau
Gladys Lynn
Marguerite Marshall
Mary McAllister
Marjorie McKenney
Marie McKenzie
Kathleen McKnight
Jane McIlhenny
Jewel Mears
Madeleine Miller
Virginia Mitchell
Augusta Molloy
Clarice Moyer
Pauline Nebhut
Mannie Nottingham
Grace Owen
Elizabeth Patterson
Edith Pitts
Catherine Ramer
Gillie-Ann Reily
Elise Sanders
Edith Searson
Mildred Searson
Frances Shirley
Mary Shuster
Ida Bocock Smith
Jeannette Sparrow
Ione Staley
Margaret St. Clair
Edith Steinbeck
Ruby Stephenson
Beatrice Suffern
Dorothy Sutton
Hazel Swanson
Helen Townsend
Anita Triplett
Zena Tutwiler
Virginia Vedder
Alice Vincent
Marion White
Hilda Witty
Laruna Wolcott
Elizabeth Wood

School Basket Ball Team

(Victors of Thanksgiving Game)

Marion Hutcheson ..... Right Forward
Augusta Glass ..... Left Forward
Elise Kidd (Captain) ..... Center
Dorothy Sutton ..... Right Guard
Emma Dallavo ..... Left Guard

SUBSTITUTES

Jane Kealhofer

Gladys Childs

Gymnasium Basket Ball Team

Miss Day ..... Coach

Daviette Ficklen
Virginia Vedder (Captain) ..... Centers

Nellie B. Dodge
Marie McKenzie
Geneva Smith
Hazel Swanson
Dorothy Wall ..... Forwards

Hester Tregoe
Mary Shuster
Alice Vincent ..... Guards

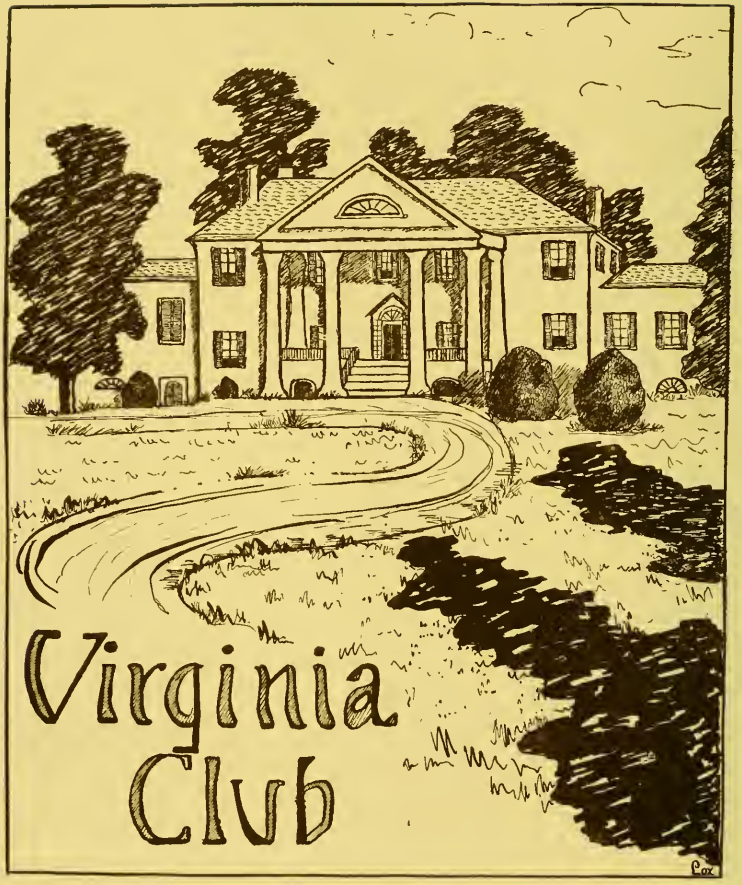
DRAMATICS.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

Maurteen Bruin, a peasant ..... Mary Harman
Shawn Bruin, his son ..... Elsie Mae Bradley
Father Hart, a priest ..... Mary Dove
Marie Bruin, their daughter-in-law ..... Frances Champe
Bridget Bruin, Maurteen's wife ..... Charlotte Kite
A child ..... Anita Triplett

THE MAKER OF DREAMS

Pierrette ..... Josephine Adams
Pierrot ..... Marjorie Cutts
Manufacturer ..... Pauline Nebhut


Virginia
Club
Cox

Virginia Club

Edith Pitts ..... President

Ellen B. Scott ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Nell Baylor	Mary Harman	Edith Pitts
Elizabeth Bell	Helen Heard	Miriam Lee Pond
Bessie Browning	Anne Lee	Ruth Prescott
Elsie Curtis	Fan Lee	Ellen B. Scott
Nannie Reid Curtis	Grace Lee	Edith Searson
Lillian Farinholt	Jewel Mears	Mildred Searson
Ruth Gannaway	Cornelia Miller	Mary Smith
Augusta Glass	Sarah Morgan	Katherine St. Clair
Elois Graham	Mannie Nottingham	Margaret St. Clair

MEMBERS IN FACULTY

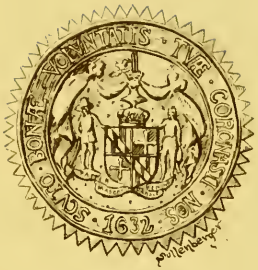
Miss Weimar	Miss A. Riddle	Miss Shawen
Miss Garrett	Miss J. Riddle	Miss Smithey
Miss Higgins	Miss M. Riddle	Miss Streit
Miss McFarland		Miss Williamson

Dixie Club

Augusta Molloy ..... President
Jane Kealhofer ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Margaret Alexander
Katherine Baker
Ella Barton
Ida Beall
Gladys Brice
Emily Burrow
Sarah Burrowes
Annie Cobb
Marjorie Cutts
Mary Lynn Dobson
Ann Dodge
Zolier Glassell
Martha Ruth Grace
Ruby Hays
Jane Kealhofer
Cora Lott
Clara Lyon
Marie McKenzie
Kathleen McKnight
Virginia Mitchell
Augusta Molloy
Elise Sanders
Frances Shirley
Jeannette Sparrow
Jimmie Terrell
Marjorie Truly
Marion White
Elizabeth Wood



Maryland Club

Byrnina Baugher ..... President
Hester Tregoe ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Byrnina Baugher
Mary Dove
Marie Jordan
Eliabeth McCauley
Catherine Ramer
Hester Tregoe
Anita Triplett

Pennsylvania Club

Madeleine Miller ..... President

Margery Deffenbaugh ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Helen Copenhaver
Margaret Finley
Ruth Finley
Anna H. Green
Sarah Henne
Vaneeta Huyette
Clarice Moyer
Elizabeth Patterson
Dorothy Wall
Hilda Witty
Virginia Wright

West Virginia Club

Ida Bocock Smith ..... President

Nan Smith ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Mary Boyd

Margaret Cox

Hallie Fleisher

Minnie Gray

Frances Henshaw

Katherine Johnson

Ella McDonald

Ida Bocock Smith

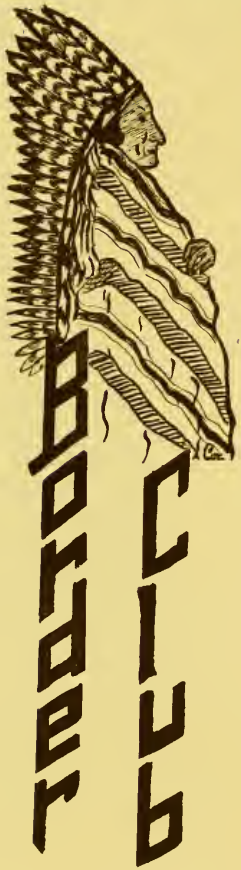
Nan Smith

Edith Steinbeck

Ruby Stephenson

Helen Townsend

Marian Vickers



Border Club

Martha Sullenberger ....President

Jane McIlhenny ....Vice-President

Daviette Ficklen .....Treasurer

Rose De Lima Prather ... .Secretary

Elizabeth Bottom .....Business Manager

MEMBERS

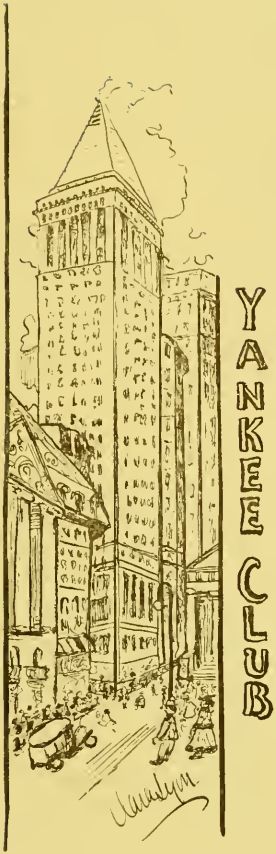
Elizabeth Bottom

Daviette Ficklen

Jane McIlhenny

Rose De Lima Prather

Martha Sullenberger



Yankee Club

Hazel Swanson ..... President

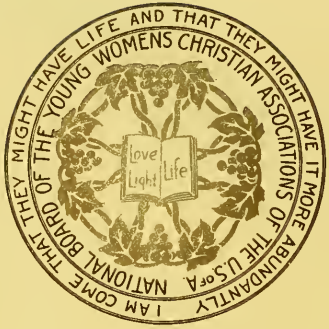
Gladys Childs ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Caroline Barrows
Gladys Childs
Elizabeth Brock
Maisie Evans
Helene Gordon
Virginia Harriman
Virginia Kinkaid
Alberta Lockhart
Marguerite Marshall
Helen Merriam
Grace Owen
Mary Shuster
Geneva Smith
Hazel Swanson
Alice Vincent
Laruna Wolcott
Elizabeth White
Elizabeth Zabriskie

MEMBERS IN FACULTY

Miss Barbour
Miss Day
Miss Morse
Miss Sheldon


I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE AND THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE IT MORE ABUNDANTLY
NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF THE U.S.OF A
Love
Light
Life

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Mattoon ..... Advisory Member

Ida Bocock Smith ..... President

Elizabeth Cecil Bottom ..... Vice-President

Augusta Molloy ..... Secretary

Nell Baylor ..... Treasurer

Grace Lee ..... Chairman of the Religious Meetings Committee

Annie Cobb ..... Chairman of Social Committee

Cora Lott ..... Chairman of Entertainment Committee

Ellen Scott ..... Chairman of Missionary Committee

Bessie Browning ..... Chairman of Room Committee

Edith Pitts ..... Chairman of Music Committee

Jane McIlhenny ..... Chairman of Art Committee

Student Association

of the

Mary Baldwin Seminary

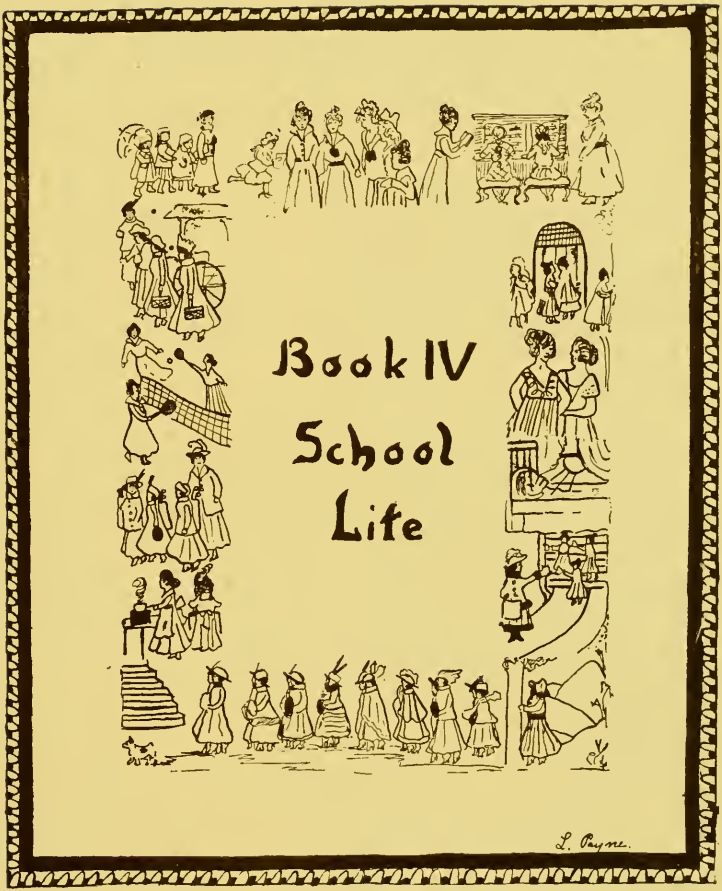
OFFICERS

Elizabeth Bottom ..... President
Ida Bocock Smith ..... Vice-President
Annie Cobb ..... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD

Alice Archer
Helen Blackburn
Elizabeth Bottom
Virginia Burwell
Emily Burrow
Cornelia Christian
Annie Cobb
Jean Fraser
Zolier Glassell
Katherine Johnson
Elise Kidd
Grace Lee
Alberta Lockhart
Cora Lott
Augusta Molloy
Clarice Moyer
Beulah Neff
Edith Pitts
Ellen B. Scott
Margaret St. Clair
Ida Bocock Smith
Nancy Smith
Martha Sullenberger
Lucie Woodward

19 16
CLUBS


Book IV
School
Life
L. Payne.

Appreciation

To Miss Helen S. P. Williamson, who has been ever ready to accommodate us in any and every way, we wish to express our sincerest appreciation.

. . . "Tell yo' all 'bout dem young ladies? La, honey, yo' know Ah neber knows when ter quit—once Ah git started on dat Siminary. But Ah reckon dat's de only way fo' ter keep yo' all quiet—so Ah'll tell yo' all I kin recollec'.

" 'Bout de ninth ob September, de young ladies cum pilin' in. Dis yeah dar wuz mo' new uns dan ol' uns, an' Ah tell yo' all Ah felt mighty bad 'bout some of dem fine gals not comin' back. Ah didn' hab much time fo' ter think in, 'cause dey no sooner git heah dan dey begun ter git homesick. Ah spent all de time Ah had a tryin' ter gadder up a li'l cheeh. Dar sho' wuz a powahful 'mount ob

'weepin' an' wailin' an' knashin' ob teeth', as de Good Book say, an' Ah didn' feel much better myself neither, 'cause ebery time Ah'd let mah thoughts 'lone, dey'd git right back ter wonderin' how all dem deah ol' gals wuz a gittin' on. Fo' a couple ob days Ah felt mighty sobby, but pretty soon Ah jes' nachely cheehed up.

"But dey got settled, an' nex' de Y. W. C. A. gabe a reception. . . . What's dat? Naw, Rastus, honey, de Y. W. C. A.'s a society wid a mighty long name what Ah can't say an' what you couldn' remember two minutes if Ah wuz ter say it. But don' yo' all interrup' me if Ah'm gwine ter git thro' t'night. Dis heah reception wuz giben by de ol' gals fo' de new uns, an Ah heahed dey had a high time.

"De beginnin' ob October, de Senior Litera'y Society gabe a tea. Ah seen de young ladies a fixin' up de parlor wid flowers an' leaves, an' it looked mighty fine. Miss Barbour tol' me dey made a heap o' money.

"Miss Weimar let de gals hab a dance in de gym 'round 'bout de middle ob de month. . . . What? Naw, honey, gym ain' a man—it's a 'brebiation fo' exercise-room. Dar wuz a orchestra ob colored gem'-men what played fo' de gals, an' eben ol' as Ah am, Ah begún to stomp mah feet an' prance 'round till Ah didn' hab no mo' wind.

. . . "Sho', Ah'll tell yo' all some mo'. Ah got ter think a li'l, don' Ah? It's mighty hard ter recollec' all de things dem gals do.

"Ah tol' yo' all befo' what a powahful failin' Mr. King always has fo'

red-headed gals, hasn' Ah? Sho' 'nough dis yeah he gabe another ob dem picnics he's been gibbin' fo' twenty-three yeahs. Lawsy me! De time dem gals had wuz a caution! Ah watched de baskits bein' put up; Ah declar' dar wuz 'nough sandwiches an' cakes an sich fo' a whole camp-meetin'!

"Miss Bell an' Miss Martin—Miss Bell she plays de pianny, an' Miss Martin she sings—gabe de first musi*cal*. Ah heahed de young ladies say what fine music it wuz as dey cum away. . . . Naw, honey. Ah doesn' go ter dem things, Ah jes' listens from outside. . . .

"Hallowe'en is sho' mighty diff'runt at de Siminary from what yo' chil'en know 'bout. Dey don' work no charms, nor listen ter witches, nor nuffin like dat up dar. Dis yeah de Y. W. C. A. gabe a tea an' den a dance in de gym. Ter be sho' de whole place looked mighty fit fo' de ghosts ter cum ter, but none ob 'em cum. Ah reckon dar wuz too much racket fo' ghosts, 'cause dem young ladies sho' can make noise.

"Long in November Miss Wynne an' Miss Day gabe another fine soirée. . . . A soirée, Lindy, is jes' like a musi*cal*. . . . Naw, Ah didn' listen ter dat one, 'cause Ah heahed Miss Day wuz jes' gwine ter ***talk*** —but de nex' day Ah heahed one young lady tell another dat she'd neber listened ter nothin' mo' be-a-u-tiful. Den Ah kind o' wish Ah'd gone.

Dar wuz a studio-tea on de thirteenth ob November in de studio. . . . Naw, Rastus, it didn' seem ter make no diff'runce ter dem 'bout de unlucky day. Ah tol' Mis' Sawtelle she'd better wait. Ah reckon it's jes' as well dey didn', 'cause as it wuz dey had as good a time as is right fo' Christian folks ter hab. De nex' Saturday de young

ladies on de top flo' ob Memorial gabe a party. Ah don' know nothin' 'bout it, 'cept it wuz mighty funny from de laughin' you could heah. Ah heahed gals say it wuz 'odd' an' 'attractive.'

"Twice befo' Chris'mas Miss Weimar had strange folks gib soirées. One time it wuz a singin' lady, an' ag'in a player. Dey said de singer wuz right fine, but Ah kind o' gaddered dat dey didn' think much ob de pianny lady.

"From dat time on dar warn't nothin' much goin' on 'cept packin' an' excitement fo' Chris'mas. De gals lef' 'bout de twenty-second, an'—well, dat's all Ah'm goin' ter tell t'night, 'cause it's time you li'l niggers wuz in bed. . . . If yo' mammy tells me yo' all hab been good, Ah'll tell yo' all some mo' tomorrow."

* * * * * * * * *

"Well, honey, if Ah'm gwine ter finish dis heah story by yo' all's bedtime, Ah'll hab ter begin right now. Are yo' all ready? Den Ah'll commence. Now, Lindy, whar wuz Ah at when we quit de odder night? . . . Oh, yes! Ah recollec' now.

"Well, de young ladies cum back, some on time an' some not, but all ob 'em dead beat. Miss Garrett sho' had her hands full a mendin' 'em up fo' ter take de 'zaminations what cum along pretty soon. Ah recollec' how Ah heahed one gal say as how she 'burned de midnight oil,' but, as Ah neber has seen no oil burnin' sence Ah cum, Ah don' jes' see what she meant. Ah made a excuse fo' her, though, 'cause she'd jes' finished dem hard lessons, an' Ah reckon her head wuz kind o' turned.

"One night Mis' Weimar gabe de gals a powahful big shock by sayin' 'at she'd handed in her designation an' wouldn' be back ter run de school

nex' yeah. She made a li'l speech to de gals up in de chapel, an' eberybody felt so bad dey all kind o' cried a li'l—Miss Weimar, 'cause she'd been heah so long she'd kind o' got 'tatched to de place; an' de gals, 'cause dey know'd what a good principal Miss Weimar's been, an' how dey wuz gwine ter miss her nex' yeah. Ah sho' am wid de young ladies in a wishin' ob her success! !

"Mr. Kaspar played some beautiful music on his fiddle one night after de 'zaminations wuz ober. Ah heahed a heap ob clappin', so Ah know 'twuz good. Professor Schmidt gabe a organ-playin' in de meetin'-house one night. Ah knows dat wuz good, 'cause Ah's heahed dat man play!

"Two ob Miss Day's election classes. . . . What's dat you say? 'De word's elocution'? Well, Ah know'd it had somethin' to do wid speech-makin'. But, befo' Ah git one speck futhah in dis heah story, Ah wants ter make one thing clear ter yo' all, speci'ly Lindy! Jes' 'cause yo' all been ter school fo' a spell, yo' all needn' think Ah'm gwine ter stan' none ob yo' all's correctin'. Yo' all ketch'd dat, habn' yo'? Well, dey gabe a couple ob mighty fine plays, an' Ah heahed tell dat de gals done so good dat eben der friends didn' know 'em!

"Den Mis' Sawtelle, she hab somethin' wid a long French name, but it really wuz jes' gals a posin' like pitchers in a great big frame. Ah heahed tell mighty funny tales as how dem gals painted up dat frame wid gol' paint. Dey wuz all dolled up fit ter kill in li'l pieces ob stuff an' stray fedders, so dat dey looked kind

o' crazy when all yo' could see wuz dere backs. But once dey git turned 'round an' a posed in de frame, dey looked persactly like de pitchers painted by de ol' massas. So Ah heahed, anyhow.

"As it begun ter git 'long into March dar wuz a soirée near 'bout ebery week. Fust cum Mr. Eisenberg's, den so on till Mr. Schmidt, Miss Bell, Miss Wynne, an' Miss Martin had all had a show. Dar wuz all gals a playin' in dese, an' some ob 'em git kind o' skeered right at fust, but when de time cum dey all do demselves hon'rable.

"Miss Weimar gabe a Spring Vacation ob six days in de last ob March. Ebery one wuz mighty tired an' glad ob de rest. All what lib'd too far ter git home stayed at school, an' dey all said dey had a mighty fine time—a'gwine ter de movin' pitchers ebery night an' ridin' 'round de country in automobiles. Mr. King wuz away, so dar warn't no trip to de Cave dis yeah.

"De BLUESTOCKING cum from de printer one day, an' sech laughin' an' carryin' on Ah neber has heahed sence Ah wuz born inter dis world! . . . Now, what makes yo' all ax sech questions? You suttinly has been tol' dat de BLUESTOCKING is de annual publishment ob de school each yeah! Ah wouldn' hab ter be tol' dat, Ah knows!

"Yo all know Ah's tol' you dar is a lot ob graduates in music up dar? Well, 'long 'bout dis time dey begun ter gib dere graduatin' soirées, an' sech flowers as dey got—! ! ! La, chil'en, it jes' made me hol' mah breath ter watch 'em carry out all ob 'em widout fallin'!

"Look heah now—! Don' yo' gap dat big mouf ob your'n, yo' Lillie Pearl, yo'! It won' be but a couple ob minutes till Ah git through, an' den we all kin git ter sleep.

"After de final 'zaminations wuz ober dey had one gran' 'finishment'. Ah recollec' now dat dey do call it 'commencement', but Ah neber did see no sense in dat! Looks ter me like de gals are quittin' 'stead ob beginnin'. When de graduatin' wuz ober, den de weepin' an' de wailin' begun. Dar wuz enuff tears spilt on dat back gal'ry ter flood de ocean ober its shores. Ah don' blame 'em none, tho', 'cause Ah had mah own li'l tear when Ah thought how all de good times wuz ober.

"Now, git ter bed quick, an' 'les' Ah heah yo' all's ma tell me de Sandman didn' git yo' all, Ah'm neber gwine ter tell yo' all no mo' stories!"

What's in a Name?

ILLIAM('S)SON (Truly a Christian) was Heard to say he could not decide upon a vocation, but Owen a small sum, his need was clear to him. Oh, if he could only be a (Mc) Knight and ride out upon a quest as of old, showing his prowess as an Archer in killing a great Lyon. Instead, he must choose between a Barbour and a Smithey. This caused him to Fretwell many a Day. Though somewhat of a Cox(comb), he was both Witty and Wyse, and not wishing to live in a Garrett all his life, he decided to solve this Riddle, when—great Scott! Why not be a Baker and end this Suffern? He was certain he could do good Browning, even upon a Cobb, and by adding a little Pepper now and then, could Wynne a good Price.

He then decided to go over the Green Hill to see his uncle, the Miller, who lived at the Bottom on the other side. On the way he met a Shepherd who showed him Moore Pitts dug for a Fox that kept bothering his Kidd(s). This young Boy(d) also told him a tale of a (Mc)Farland in the East, where everyone could learn to Be-a-man, and nearly caused him to Turn(er) back about the Sites he had chosen, for he was now a little Sullen(berger), and filled with reMorse. In the meantime, they came to a Wall covered with Vines. The young Guy looked at a bright Berry and caused her to Hanger head, for she knew that his White hand meant only Paine. On his way home everything began to get gloomy and Gray, but this did not keep him from meditating upon the fine Graham flour he would use, which, though, having brown Spotts in his bread, would make it smooth as Glass. Here, however, a Bell Cutts in on my story, telling me I have Prest-on far enough.

CURRENT EVENTS

1, Another Note; 2, National Defense; 3, Preparedness; 4, Individual Canteen For Practice Hall; 5, Income Tax Collector.

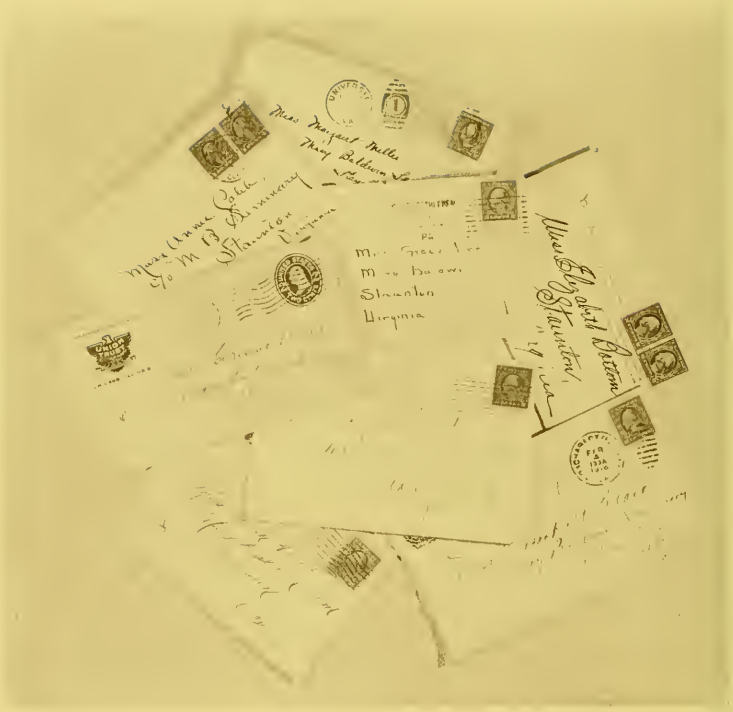
The Flight of the Clubs

Oh, what a different place is school,
The clubs have all departed;
No more rushing, no more crushing,
And we are broken-hearted.

The Bat at last has flown away,
The Key will turn no more;
The C. O. D.'s and Z. T. Z.'s
Have reached the lonely shore.

The gay T. T.'s and S. L. G.'s
No longer dance and sing;
The D. F. G., sad as can be,
No more makes laughter ring.

The T. D. S.'s, too, do weep—
The Jug no more is passed;
The spirits roam without a home;
And may they rest at last.



"Dailies"

1, The Lynchburg News; 2, The Youth's Companion; 3, College Topics; 4, The American Boy; 5, Review of Reviews; 6, Town Topics; 7, Prison Records; 8, The Titusville "Harold."

Why?

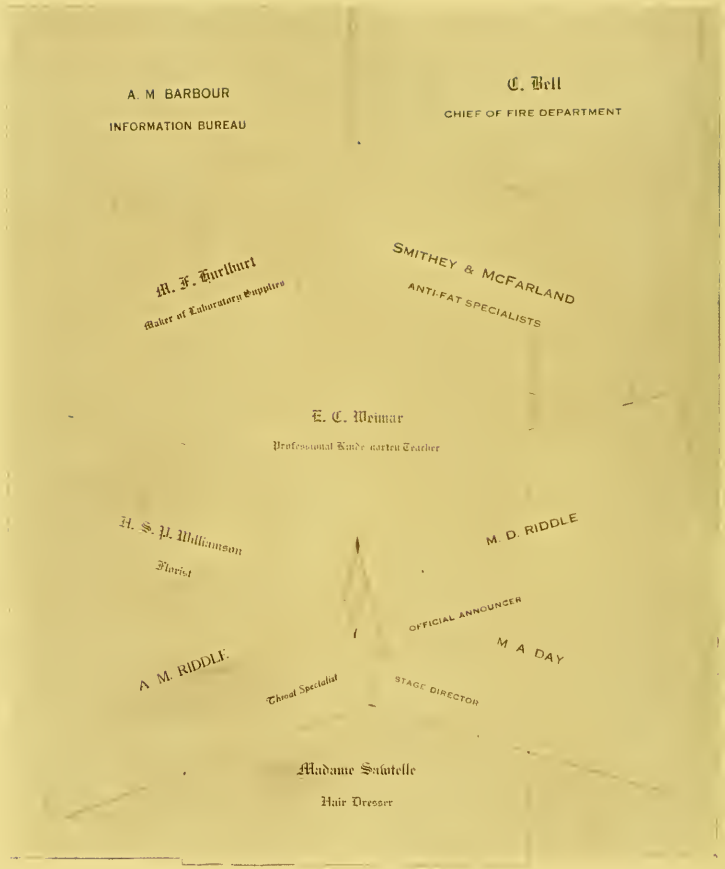
Why do we study Latin, pray?
Our brains will all depart some day,
And over History, how we sigh,
For the men we like are sure to die!

Another thing I want to know
Is why we have to study so,
On circles, polygons, and squares;
It's enough to give us all nightmares.

Just one thing more is worrying me,
And, for my life, I cannot see,
If the earth revolves (for they say 'tis true),
To stay in bed, wouldn't we need glue?

And tell me, please, how in creation,
Before they discovered gravitation,
Could people keep from floating high,
And bumping up against the sky?

ARVARD

JOKES
BRUCE

A. M BARBOUR
INFORMATION BUREAU
C. Bell
CHIEF OF FIRE DEPARTMENT
M. F. Hurlburt
Maker of Laboratory Supplies
SMITHEY & MCFARLAND
ANTI-FAT SPECIALISTS
E. C. Weimar
Professional Kindergarten Teacher
H. S. J. Williamson
Florist
M. D. RIDDLE
OFFICIAL ANNOUNCER
M A DAY
STAGE DIRECTOR
A M. RIDDLE.
Throat Specialist
Madame Salatelle
Hair Dresser

A M STREIT
GUARDIAN OF THE KEYS
Miss Martin
University of Schumann-Heink
N W GARRETT M D
L. D. MORSE
CATERER
B. SHAWEN
UP TO DATE MILLINER
M M SHELDON
Mademoiselle Pillault
Madame Higgins
Modiste
G. Wynne
E LATANE
Editor of "Life"
Madame Zeeck
War Reporter
M. L. MATTOON
CHAMPION GOLF PLAYER

Did You Know

Carlyle was assisted by Washington Irving?

Longfellow wrote "In Memoriam"?

Monks took the vows of celibacy and dieting?

Hayne gave his home the pleasant name of "Corpse Hill"?

Symmetry means a place for the dead?

John Smith's methods of controlling the colony were vigorous and ensculpturous?

Conscience has something to do with the human body?

Cotton Mather wrote "Magnesia"?

George Washington's works were "The Legracy," "The Inauracy" and "The Farewell Address"?

An advocate of religious toleration means one who goes around and tolerates people on the subject of religion?

Bunion wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress"?

The Great Stone Face is a rock in Egypt?

Epigram means a parent contradiction?

Pythagoras was a famous musician?

"Bob and his dog" is an example of the use of the appositive?

Daniel was a young king who killed Goliath?

Emerson wrote "The Conquered Hymn"?

Beowulf was half man and half wolf?

Sir William Berkeley was an associate of the Indians?

Some of Our Specialists

ADIES and gentlemen, you see me before you this evening for the purpose of announcing the wonderful and magnificent treat in store for you during this Chautauqua week. Never before in the history of the world have so many famous, renowned, and distinguished celebrities been gathered together. The number includes noted personages in every branch of learning: scientists, musicians, authors, scholars, linguists, and many others. They are under the absolute control and protection of the students of the Mary Baldwin Seminary.

First, I wish to present to you Miss E. C. Weimar, the star of our program. Her wide experience enables her to have a great number of subjects from which to choose. After much deliberation she has decided to give her famous lecture, "Two Little Girls That I Knew." It is not often that she consents to give this lecture, and you should feel yourselves highly flattered.

The next is one who is widely known as a student of history—Miss M. D. Riddle. Everyone has heard of her, at least, and she has written many works on deep and abstruse historical subjects. She will read for your benefit one of her most profound essays, entitled, "What Kind of a Boat Was Washington in When He Crossed the Delaware?"

I cannot speak of the next artist in terms too high. She is famous as an archeologist, and has spent much time in research. Miss M. M. Sheldon will tell "Why Greece is so Near Turkey."

Ah, ladies and gentlemen, the next number is indeed unique. Miss Smithey will give a living demonstration of a crooked straight line.

This will be followed by a short talk. One of our most learned scholars, Miss Barbour, will lecture on "The World, As It Circles Around Wellesley."

Our noted magician will next occupy the stage. She will perform a most difficult and hazardous experiment. Do not be alarmed if there is a loud explosion, but keep your seats and be quiet. This feat is called "Turning Water Into Steam," and will be performed by Miss Hurlburt.

Mademoiselle Piffault, one of our artists from abroad, will deliver a lecture on "Why I Do Not Teach German Now."

"How to Walk Twenty Miles an Hour" is the next topic and should engage the attention of everyone present. Madame Zeeck will give her own personal experiences.

Miss Mattoon, our wonderful psychologist, will address the audience. You who are not especially interested in the rather frivolous topics di- before, will thoroughly enjoy the two-hour lecture on "Mind Reading From a Psychological Standpoint."

This is followed by a short, but very instructive "Beauty Talk," by Miss Higgins.

Our next number is very different from any that have come before. Miss A. M. Riddle will talk for ten minutes on "My Wonderful New Cough Cure."

Miss McFarland is assistant to our magician, and she will tell how to get into a shoe box and out again without raising the lid.

The lecture on Kindergarten Methods, without which no Chautauqua would be complete, will be given by Miss Tate, who is particularly well fitted by her experience to lecture on this subject.

Miss Williamson will perform an amazing feat. You probably will not believe it is possible until you have seen it done. She will sort ten thousand letters in ten seconds without making a single mistake.

You may not think that anyone could leave Staunton on foot at half past four in the afternoon, and reach Washington in time for supper. Yet Miss Latané has done this, not alone, but with several girls, and she will tell you how it was done.

To Southerners, especially, our next topic will be of interest. Miss Day, who is so well known as a reader and lecturer, will talk on "Why I Wish I Were a Southerner."

Mrs. Sawtelle, the prominent woman suffrage leader, who is also famous as an artist, will tell how she intends to run the United States Government when she is President.

You have all heard of Miss Morse, the author of "Theory of Foods."

She will reveal one of her great cooking secrets, explaining how to make good dog biscuit.

Our next artist has spent many years abroad in studying her subject. Miss Bell will try to explain to the audience the technicalities in "Yankee Doodle."

Miss Martin, the famous prima donna, will sing for us the magnificent aria, called "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep."

Again we turn to the more serious side. You probably have often noticed what a mournful and downcast look Miss Wynne has. She will talk for a few minutes on "Why I Am So Sad and Never Tell a Joke."

Miss Streit has perhaps had more experience in her line than anyone else on the program. She will tell how to look things up in the dictionary.

Once more we turn to a very different subject. All of us have trouble doing our own shopping, and yet Miss Shawen manages to shop for two hundred and fifty girls in one morning. She will explain how this can be accomplished.

We now come to the last number on our program. It will perhaps be of more practical value than any of the foregoing. Miss Garrett will tell how to treat a sprained ankle with castor oil.

Ladies and gentlemen, this ends our list. I am sure not one of you will want to miss a single thing, so I am going to make a special offer. You can buy a season ticket, admitting you morning and night, for the small sum of ten cents. This way, please! Don't crowd!

Jokes

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find.
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So, if you meet an ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown, and call the thing a fake—
Just smile, don't be so wise.

—Ex.

Miss Riddle (in Sunday School class)—"What was the last Psalm we learned?"

Lynn—"The 181st, Miss Riddle."

New Girl—"Miss Higgins, may I go in your church section?"

Miss Higgins—"To what denomination do you belong?"

New Girl—"I don't know. I was in the Infirmary last Sunday."

Marian Neal—"Yes, my uncle is terribly ill. He is hilarious, and doesn't know a thing."

E. White—"When I was in Newark——"

M. Alexander (in disgusted tone)—"Why don't you say 'New York'?"

Martha (doing her Christmas shopping)—"Have you any M. B. S. skins?"

There is a young lady named Fan,
Who's asked to explain if she can,
Are you a baseball fan,
Or just Fan for one man,
Or are you a "movie" fan, Fan?

Who knows where a nice secluded spot is?

"Miriam, when do you have your English exam?"
"On Monday, and I'm just scared to death. We have to know all fifteen parts of speech."

Miss Weimar—"The girls had their hats pinned in all sorts of shapes. They were perfect sights! One of them looked very much like Mrs. Sawtelle's."

Elise—"Cornelia, do you always dot your eyes?"
Cornelia (haughtily)—"Of course! Why?"
Elise—"You don't have to. You have capital eyes."

Miss McFarland—"Winifred, how did you prove this example?"
Winifred—"By direct versification."

Girl—"Miss Latané, please wait a minute, I want to speak to you. I saw you walking through the window——"
Miss Latané—"I beg your pardon. You did not see me walking through the window."

"Jane, which was the first example that gave you trouble?"
"The first one."

Ruby (sitting on the radiator)—"Edith, I'm about to burn up sitting on this radiator."
E. S.—"Why don't you get off?"
Ruby—"Oh, I never thought about that."

Miss Mattoon (dictating Ethics questions)—"What is the tendency of the law in its relation to men—dash after men. Results—"

Ida—"Bottom, what can be sadder than a man without a country?"
Bottom—"That's easy! A country without a man, of course."

Notice read in the dining room—"Whoever took Phidias and Praxiteles from the library will please return them at once."

E. Bell (translating Latin)—"Diana led her maidens to Hill Top."

Miss Nannie—"What is gender?"
Pupil—"Gender is a grammatical distinction between words or forms of words to show the difference between sex and insects.

"Anne, how old is your little sister?"
Ann Dodge—"Oh, she's the latest model of the Dodge—1916."

C. Lott (on the first day of school)—"You know, I think that red-haired girl (Miss Day) is the most attractive new girl I've seen. I'm so glad she sits right across the table from me."

A certain young lady, if you please,
Has fingers made for piano keys.
She's cut out for rag time,
But has to play Schmidt time,
This Titian-haired lady named Elise.

When most of the girls complain because the water in the pool is cold, why should Gladys and Gus say they got into "hot water" when they went in?

F. Churchman (translating French)—"And the young men mounted in the trees."

Stage whisper from behind—"Those must have been horse-chestnut trees."

Miss Riddle (in English class)—"Clifton, what is the meaning of 'dejected'?"

C. F.—"It means to put out."

Miss R.—"Use it in a sentence."

C. F.—"Two girls were dejected from the church section."

Mary S.—"Clarice, why is the moon called 'the silvery moon'?"

Clarice—"Probably because it comes out in halves and quarters."

Miss Nannie—"Can you give me a word with an 'I' in it?"

Mary Nelson—"Needle."

Evolution of a Lima Bean

Mary Baldwin Seminary

Alumnae Association

OFFICERS

Miss Kate Earle Terrell ..... President
Mrs. Annie Hotchkiss Howison ..... Vice-President
Miss Sarah James Bell ..... Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. Jennie McCue Marshall ..... Recording Secretary
Miss Fannie B. Strauss ..... Treasurer

THE TERMS OF JOINING THE ASSOCIATION ARE:

Initiation fee $1.00
Yearly dues ..... .50

We earnestly desire that all girls who are leaving the Seminary this session shall become members of our Alumnae Association.

Before we close!

A word of advice from a wise old Owl.

Speak no evil, See no evil, Hear no evil.

"Then gently scan your Brother man,
Still gentler, Sister woman,
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human."

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in Thine Own Eye!"

M.B.S.

Directory

Adams, Josephine Janice ..... Beechmont Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Adkerson, Katherine Randolph ..... Lynchburg, Va.
Alexander, Margaret Pemberton ..... R. F. D. No. 1, Little Rock, Ark.
Alexander, Sarah Elizabeth ..... Chronicle Building, Augusta, Ga.
Archer, Alice Boisseau ..... R. F. D. No. 3, Waynesboro, Va.
Bailey, Gladys Virginia ..... 815 Maple St., Staunton, Va.
Baker, Katherine ..... 1185 May St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Barkman, Josephine ..... Cor. Market and Prospect Sts., Staunton, Va.
Barrows, Caroline Olive ..... 5436 Harper Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Barton, Lizzie Ella ..... Albemarle P. O., La.
Bateman, Lenora ..... Waynesboro, Va.
Baugher, Byrnina ..... 38 North Fulton Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Baylor, Nell ..... Wardell, Va.
Beall, Ida Keefe ..... 1302 Clay St., Vicksburg, Miss.
Beaman, Elizabeth Parsons ..... 504 East Buffalo St., Ithaca, N. Y.
Beasley, Mary Fulton ..... 921 Floyd St., Lynchburg, Va.
Beckham, Eleanor Raphael ..... The Highlands, Conn. and Cal. Aves., Washington, D. C.
Bell, Mary Lou ..... 241 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Margaret Kent ..... 241 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Mary Highland ..... 401 North Market St., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Elizabeth Cloyd ..... Dublin, Va.
Berry, Ora Esquabelle ..... R. F. D. No. 6, Staunton, Va.
Bishop, Mary Celestine ..... 2745 Macomb St., Washington, D. C.
Blackburn, Helen Elizabeth ..... 901 West Main St., Staunton, Va.
Borden, Mary Ella ..... New Hope, Va.
Bottom, Elizabeth Cecil ..... Lebanon, Ky.
Bowman, Dorothy Lewis ..... 239 Kalorama St., Staunton, Va.
Boyd, Mary Fraser ..... Potomac Manor, W. Va.
Bradley, Elsie Mae ..... 1108 Belmont Ave., Nashville, Tenn.
Brand, Madeline Shuey ..... 417 North Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Brice, Gladys Louise ..... Roswell, N. M.
Brock, Elizabeth ..... 1301 North Shortel St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Brown, Virginia Katharine ..... 1212 Walnut St., Staunton, Va.
Browning, Bessie Hamilton ..... Wytheville, Va.
Buckner, Mary Harding ..... 2000 Terrace Place, Nashville, Tenn.
Burrow, Emily Robinson ..... 2407 Broadway, Little Rock, Ark.
Burrowes, Sarah Elizabeth ..... 218 Stockton St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Burwell, Dorothy Lyon ..... 125 Marshall St., Petersburg, Va.
Burwell, Virginia ..... 146 North Coalter St., Staunton, Va.

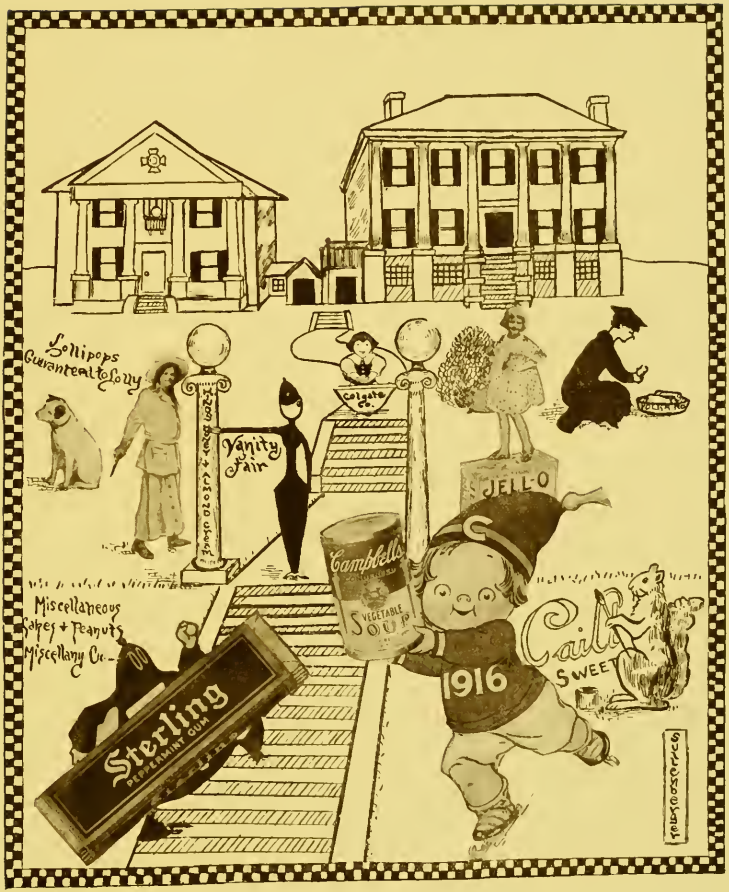
Busey, Hester McClanahan ..... 912 Floyd St., Lynchburg, Va.
Campbell, Ruth Carnegie ..... 6 North Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Cavers, Marjorie Alice ..... 513 South 36th St., Omaha, Neb.
Champe, Frances Rebekah ..... Paris, Ky.
Childs, Laura Gladys ..... 263 Union St., Hackensack, N. J.
Christian, Cornelia Dunscomb ..... Lynchburg, Va.
Christian, Annie Alexander ..... R. F. D. No. 2, Swoope, Va.
Churchman, Frances Crawford ..... 18 South Market St., Staunton, Va.
Cobb, Annie Forrest ..... Durham, N. C.
Coiner, Lucie Arline ..... Fishersville, Va.
Colwell, Mary Elliott ..... 494 Park Ave., East Orange, N. J.
Connor, Dorothy Meldrum ..... 118 West 72d St., New York City
Copenhaver, Helen ..... 234 East Tenth St., Tyrone, Penn.
Couch, Mary Ellenah ..... 2021 Rivermont Ave., Lynchburg, Va.
Cowan, Mary Anita ..... Cowan Place, Vicksburg, Miss.
Cox, Margaret Elizabeth ..... 206 Spruce St., Morgantown, W. Va.
Craig, Katherine Louise ..... Box 364, Staunton, Va.
Crank, Ruth Lois ..... Louisa, Va.
Cunningham, Mary Hill ..... 4452 McPherson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Curtis, Elsie Cooke ..... Lee Hall, Va.
Curtis, Nannie Reid ..... Lee Hall, Va.
Cutts, Marjorie Walker ..... 121 Gwinnett St., E., Savannah, Ga.
Daniel, Huldah Staples ..... 363 14th Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.
Dallavo, Emma Elizabeth ..... 353 Fuller Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Deffenbaugh, Margery Ellen ..... West Main St., Uniontown, Penn.
Denyven, Marian ..... Fontanet Courts, Washington, D. C.
Dewey, Corinne Ione ..... 3967 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Dobson, Mary Lynn ..... 412 21st Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn.
Dodge, Nellie Burbank ..... 1630 Valmont St., New Orleans, La.
Dodge, Ann Springer ..... 1630 Valmont St., New Orleans, La.
Donelson, Anne Park ..... 345 N. Bellevue Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
Dove, Mary Howard ..... 718 West North Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Dudley, Martha Susan ..... Hightown, Va.
Edwards, Julia Elizabeth ..... 606 Union Building, Charleston, W. Va.
Eisenberg, Winifred Virginia ..... 931 North Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Evans, Maisie Margrett ..... 215 30th St., Woodcliff-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Farinholt, Mary Lillian ..... Freeport, Gloucester County, Va.
Ficklen, Daviette Corbell ..... 1823 Biltmore S., Washington, D. C.
Finley, Anna Margaret ..... Route 18, New Salem, Penn.
Finley, Ruth Amelia ..... Route 18, New Salem, Penn.
Fleisher, Hallie Stewart ..... Renick, W. Va.
Fox, Mary Clifton ..... 314 Cabell S., Lynchburg, Va.

Fraser, Jean Blanding ..... Box 549, Staunton, Va.
Fretwell, Lula Madeline ..... 318 N. Central Ave., Staunton, Va.
Fulton, Ruth Givens ..... 164 North Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Fulwiler, Marguerite ..... 208 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Galliher, Virginia Lee ..... 3729 Morrison St., Washington, D. C.
Gannaway, Ruth Waters ..... 500 Washington St., Lynchburg, Va.
Glass, Augusta Christian ..... Hotel Raleigh, Washington, D. C.
Glassell, Zolier ..... Belcher, La.
Glenn, Ailcie Hairston ..... Martinsville, Va.
Gordon, Helene Phoebe ..... 66 Orchard Place, Battle Creek, Mich.
Grace, Martha Ruth ..... 631 Forsyth St., Macon, Ga.
Graham, Elois G. ..... Crystal Spring, Roanoke, Va.
Gray, Minnie McCreery ..... Hinton, W. Va.
Green, Anna Hatfield ..... Gibsonia, Penn.
Guy, Dorothy Bagley ..... 514 Armistead Ave., Hampton, Va.
Hanger, Lelia Burdett ..... 135 North Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Harman, Mary St. Clair ..... Tazewell, Va.
Harnsberger, Mary Hatcher ..... 1602 West Main St., Staunton, Va.
Harriman, Virginia Jessie ..... Hotel Ansonia, New York City
Haskell, Mary Jennings ..... 42 Rutledge Ave., Charleston, S. C.
Hays, Ruby Holland ..... Hollandale, Miss.
Heard, Helen Frances ..... Elkton, Va.
Helm, Virginia Lucas ..... Auburn, Ky.
Henne, Sarah Caroline ..... Titusville, Penn.
Henshaw, Frances Snodgrass ..... 425 West King St., Martinsburg, W. Va.
Hevener, Irene ..... Hightown, Va.
Heydenreich, Jennie Louise ..... 626 West Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Himes, Cecelia ..... 20 East King St., Sheppensburg, Penn.
Hogshead, Anne Archer ..... 14 Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
Holt, Mary Catharine ..... 230 East Main St., Staunton, Va.
Hoy, Mary Elizabeth ..... 927 West Main St., Staunton, Va.
Huff, Virginia Moore ..... 405 West Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Hutcheson, Marion Adele ..... 144 Franklin St., Hempstead, L. I.
Huyette, Vaneeta Nellie ..... 4608 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.
Johnson, Katherine Kennedy ..... Franklin, W. Va.
Jordan, Marie Louise ..... Brunswick, Md.
Julian, Frances ..... 413 East Inniss St., Salisbury, N. C.
Kealhofer, Jane Pettit ..... 1503 Herschell St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Kennedy, Thelma May ..... Montgomery Hall, Staunton, Va.
Kidd, Elise Eugenia ..... Frankfort, Ky.
Kinkaid, Virginia Isabelle ..... Hotel Ansonia, 73d and Broadway, New York City
Kite, Charlotte Elizabeth ..... Stanley, Va.

Kyle, Juliet Ruckman ..... 108 Church St., Staunton, Va.
Landers, Irene Hamilton ..... Millboro, Va.
Lee, Anne ..... Irvington, Va.
Lee, Frances ..... Irvington, Va.
Lee, Grace ..... Irvington, Va.
Lindau, Miriam Charlotte ..... 523 Summit Ave., Greensboro, N. C.
Lindsay, Mary Kingman ..... 220 North St., Portsmouth, Va.
Lockhart, Alberta May ..... Stout, O.
Lott, Cora Norina ..... Hendersonville, N. C.
Lynn, Gladys Belt ..... 822 Federal St., Lynchburg, Va.
Lyon, Clara Elizabeth ..... Durham, N. C.
Marden, Mary Newell ..... 204 North Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Marshall, Helen Marguerite ..... 1310 Que St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
McAllister, Mary Lydia ..... Covington, Va.
McCauley, Harriet Elizabeth ..... 186 Washington St., Cumberland, Md.
McClure, Mary Alice ..... Mint Spring, Va.
McDonald, Ella Rauna ..... Elkins, W. Va.
McIlhenny, Jane Virginia ..... 1729 Riggs Place, Washington, D. C.
McKenny, Marjorie Fleming ..... 1121 East 5th St., Alton, Ill.
McKenzie, Marie Eugene ..... Lula, Miss.
McKnight, Kathleen ..... Russellville, Ky.
Mears, Jewel Whitaker ..... Eastville, Va.
Mercereau, Dorothy Whittemore ..... 316 Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.
Merriam, Helen Rowena ..... 1916 Biltmore St., Washington, D. C.
Meyers, Dorothea Gladys ..... Bramwell, W. Va.
Miller, Margaret Palmer ..... 1652 West Grace St., Richmond, Va.
Miller, Caroline Madeleine ..... 524 South 46th St., Philadelphia, Penn.
Miller, Cornelia Urb ..... Raphine, Va.
Millikan, Edna Bain ..... 415 Summit Ave., Greensboro, N. C.
Mitchell, Virginia Preston ..... 339 Church St., Tupelo, Miss.
Molloy, Augusta Chambers ..... Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Moore, Minnie Ball ..... Harrodsburg, Ky.
Morgan, Sarah Gwyn ..... Seven Mile Ford, Va.
Morse, Virginia Louise ..... Billings, Mont.
Moyer, Clarice Forrest ..... 5653 McMahon Ave., Germantown, Penn.
Munt, Sally Vaughan ..... 321 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Murray, Fannie Dunbar ..... 20 North Market St., Staunton, Va.
Neal, Marian Kennedy ..... 49 East 14th St., Atlanta, Ga.
Nebhut, Pauline ..... 1660 Central Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
Neff, Beulah Ray ..... 524 West Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Nottingham, Mannie Willis ..... Chesapeake, Va.
Ogg, Mary Frances ..... 627 West Frederick St., Staunton, Va.

Owen, Grace Kathleen	824 Lake Drive, S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Parkins, Virginia	231 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Patterson, Elizabeth Shearer	Box 585, Connellsville, Pa.
Paul, Kathrine Eoline	322 North New St., Staunton, Va.
Paul, Margaret Elizabeth	322 North New St., Staunton, Va.
Payne, Lucy Morton	20 South Market St., Staunton, Va.
Pepper, Kathleen Hester	105 West Grace St., Richmond, Va.
Pitts, Edith Randolph	New Canton, Va.
Pond, Miriam Lee	Wakefield, Va.
Prather, Rose de Lima	1423 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Prescott, Ruth Virginia	Big Stone Gap, Va.
Price, Nina	249 North Lewis St., Staunton, Va.
Price, Edythe Pauline	414 Greenville Ave., Staunton, Va.
Quarles, Mary Nelson	102 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Ramer, Catherine Virginia,	Westminster Hotel, Westminster, Md.
Rawlings, Edith	Vineland, Va.
Reily, Gillie-Ann	3816 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Ruckman, Pauline Box	"Selma," Staunton, Va.
Ruckman, Reba Kathleen	"Selma," Staunton, Va.
Sanders, Elise Runnels	De Kalb, Tex.
Scott, Ellen Buston	Tazewell, Va.
Searson, Edith Steele	Raphine, Va.
Searson, Mildred Laxton	Raphine, Va.
Shepherd, Amelia Beard	272 Cossitt Place, Memphis, Tenn
Shirley, Frances Eileen	Homa Path, S. C.
Shuster, Mary Ellen	Hotel St. Clair, Freedom, Penn.
Simmerman, Sidney Major	Wytheville, Va.
Sites, Ruth Rogers	Fort Defiance, Va.
Smith, Geneva	2257 Warren St., Toledo, O.
Smith, Ida Bocock	Ronceverte, W. Va.
Smith, Mary Hatcher	21 9th Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.
Smith, Nancy Margaret	522 South Penn St., Wheeling, W. Va.
Somerville, Betty Guy	Staunton, Va.
Sparrow, Jeanette	434 West 13th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Spotts, Charlotte Lavalette	9 South Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Sproul, Harriet Erskine	Staunton, Va.
Sproul, Eugenia	Staunton, Va.
Staley, Ione Fressler	361 College Hill, Decatur, Ill.
St. Clair, Katherine Bell	Tazewell, Va.
St. Clair, Margaret Huston	Tazewell, Va.
Steinbeck, Edith Rosalie	1542 Quarrier St., Charleston, W. Va.
Stephenson, Ruby Dell	28 Bradford St., Charleston, W. Va.

Stickley, Florine Camerden ..... Box 56, R. F. D. No. 6, Staunton, Va.
Stott, Mabel Marguerite ..... Staunton, Va.
Suffern, Beatrice Cornelia ..... 716 West Prairie Ave., Decatur, Ill.
Sullenberger, Martha ..... "The Crow's Nest," Route 2, Barry, Tex.
Sutton, Dorothy Hathaway ..... Garden City, Long Island
Swanson, Hazel Fran ..... 147 South Ninth St., Gadsden, Ala.
Tabb, Maggie Argyle ..... Staunton, Va.
Terrell, Jimmie ..... 315 Jasper Road, Birmingham, Ala.
Thomas, Virgilia Alice ..... 74 McCormick St., Clifton Forge, Va.
Townsend, Helen Pearl ..... 1539 Quarrier St., Charleston, W. Va.
Tregoe, Hester Little ..... 10 Chelsea Place, East Orange, N. J.
Triplett, Anita ..... 2706 North Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
Truly, Marjorie ..... Fayette, Miss.
Turner, Gertrude Jeanette ..... 211 Maplewood Ave., Peoria, Ill.
Tutwiler, Zena Sloan ..... 1536 Vinton Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
Tyler, Viola ..... 838 North Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Tynes, Harriet Louisa ..... 126 North Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Van Devanter, Margaret Elizabeth ..... Fort Defiance, Va.
Vedder, Virginia Vertrees ..... La Harpe, Ill.
Vickers, Marian Elizabeth ..... 1222 Elmwood Ave., Charleston, W. Va.
Vincent, Mary Alice ..... Rose Ridge, Portsmouth, O.
Vines, Virginia Lucile ..... 217 Kalorama St., Staunton, Va.
Wall, Dorothy ..... 4433 Pine St., Philadelphia, Penn.
Walton, Mary Linton ..... 221 North New St., Staunton, Va.
White, Marion Katherine ..... West Point, Miss.
White, Elizabeth Frances Sidner ..... Port Orange, Fla.
Wilson, Gertrude Clarinda ..... Lindhurst, Va.
Wise, Laura Ward ..... West Main St., Staunton, Va.
Witty, Hilda Elizabeth ..... 1608 West Allegheny St., Philadelphia, Penn.
Witz, Katherine Frances ..... East Main St., Staunton, Va.
Witz, Marjorie Burton ..... East Main St., Staunton, Pa.
Wolcott, Laruna Frances ..... 137 Riverside Drive, New York City
Wood, Sarah Elizabeth ..... 255 New St., Macon, Ga.
Woodward, Josephine Ryan ..... 321 Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.
Woodward, Lucie Froissart ..... 321 Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.
Wright, Virginia Elizabeth ..... Bridgeville, Penn.
Wyse, Emelyn ..... 11 North Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Wyse, Mary Hardenia ..... 11 North Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Wyse, Virginia Grace ..... 11 North Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Zabriskie, Elizabeth ..... 391 East 36th St., Paterson, N. J.


Lollipops
Guaranteed to Sony
Vanity Fair
Colgate Co.
JELL-O
Campbells
VEGETABLE SOUP
1916
Miscellaneous
Cakes + Peanuts
Miscellany Co.
Sterling
PEPPERMINT GUM
SWEET

Mary Baldwin Seminary

ESTABLISHED IN 1842

For Young Ladies Staunton, Va.

TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 7, 1916

Located in the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, handsome buildings and modern appointments. Students past session from 35 states. Courses: Collegiate [3 years]; Preparatory [4 years], accepted by leading colleges. Small classes and thorough work. Special departments of Music and the Arts. Modern equipment in all departments. : : :

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

M. KIVLIGHAN M. L. HOLT F. T. HOLT J. L. WITZ

WHITE STAR MILLS

MANUFACTURERS OF
HIGH-GRADE FLOURS

Ask your Grocer for
MELROSE PATENT
WHITE STAR PATENT
NEW PROCESS STRAIGHT

Brands Manufactured Solely by
WHITE STAR MILLS
STAUNTON VIRGINIA

JOS. BARKMAN

MANUFACTURER OF
PURE CANDIES
ICE-CREAM, CAKES

NOUGATS AND NUT CANDIES
OF ALL KINDS

Whitman's Pure Candies

STAUNTON VIRGINIA

Hogshead's Toilet Cream

A Certain Cure for { Chapped Hands, Lips and Roughness of the Skin

Removes Sunburn, Tan or Freckles

Gloves can be worn immediately after using this Toilet Cream : : : :

Manufactured only by

THOMAS HOGSHEAD, STAUNTON VIRGINIA

Was-Cott Ginger Ale

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Made from Mountain Mineral Spring Water
Located 2600 ft. above Sea-Level

If your Druggist or Grocer cannot furnish you,
write us direct

Tazewell Manufacturing Comp'y

North Tazewell, Virginia

WORTHINGTON HARDWARE CO.

(INCORPORATED)

Headquarters for

Guns
Rifles
Pistols
and
Sporting
Goods

FIFTY (50) YEARS OF QUALITY

Beverley Pharmacy

PRESCRIPTION
SPECIALISTS

Successors to

Marshall's Drug Store

16 W. Main St., Staunton, Va.

"WE EITHER HAVE IT IN STOCK, WILL GET IT QUICK, OR IT ISN'T MADE"

SMITH FUEL & ICE CO.

COAL, WOOD and ICE

Manufacturers of
PURE PLATE ICE

Dealers in
COAL and WOOD

105-107 WEST FREDERICK STREET STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

BRATTON-JOHNSON CO.

Pennants

BOOKSELLERS
STATIONERS
ENGRAVERS

Athletic Goods

PICTURES *and* FRAME MAKERS

COR. CENTRAL AVENUE AND FREDERICK ST. STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Educate yourself to keep a bank account.

We will gladly lend our assistance.

A safe place for your funds.

$1.00 will open an account.

Farmers & Merchants
: Bank :
Staunton Virginia

To Enjoy Good Coffee

Two things are essential to good coffee. You must make it right, you must have a good coffee to start with.

Morara Coffee

is absolutely pure and of superior cup quality in *sealed* tins
1 lb., 3 lb., 4 lb., 5 lb.
—always fresh!

Ask for Morara Coffee

JOHN FALLON

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

FLORIST

Specialties in

ROSES, CARNATIONS, VIOLETS *and* CHRYSANTHEMUMS

CUT FLOWER WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

JOHN FALLON

25,000 Feet Under Glass STAUNTON, VA.

The
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY

Best line to and from all Western and Southwestern points

Also to and from

WASHINGTON and BALTIMORE
NEW YORK and PHILADEPHIA

Bell's Ice Cream Soda Water Has a Reputation of Its Own. 28 EAST MAIN STREET

E. BERKELEY
OWNER

J. T. BERRY
MANAGER

Berkeley Studio
Artistic High Grade
Photography

We give particular care to amateur finishing, at most reasonable prices
PROMPT DELIVERY

Drs. G. A. & A. H. Sprinkel

Dentists

20 Central Ave. Staunton, Va.

Dr. H. S. BECKLER

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Office and Residence 16 North Market Street
(Second Door North of New Theatre)

Phone 668

Dr. Jennie K. Beckler, also a Graduate of the A. S. O., Kirksville, Mo., under the Founder, Dr. A. T. Still, is in attendance at the office

STAUNTON VIRGINIA

COMPLIMENTS OF
R. L. Stratton & Co.
Wholesale Grocers
STAUNTON VIRGINIA

Condensed Statement Rendered the U. S. Government

THE NATIONAL VALLEY BANK OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Mar. 7, 1916

Resources		Liabilities	
Loans and Investments	$1,329,659.62	Capital Stock	$ 200,000.00
United States Bonds	110,000.00	Surplus and Profits	289,361.32
Overdrafts	25.28	Circulation	90,100.00
Banking House, Fur. and Fix.	60,000.00	Deposits	1,219,298.13
Cash and Due from Banks	299,074.55		
	$1,798,759.45		$1,798,759.45

Augusta County's Oldest, Largest and Strongest Bank

Designated by Federal Reserve Board to act as Executor, Trustee, Etc.

J. H. Worthington, *President* Wm. A. Pratt, *Vice-President* Chas. S. Hunter, *Cashier*
C. K. Hoge, *Asst. Cashier* W. B. Miller, *Asst. Cashier*
Jas. C. Foster, *Trust Officer*

For The Graduate

are you at a loss to know what to give this year?

It won't take long to decide if you will come in and look over our stock of fine Jewelry.

We have just received a shipment of newly designed Class Pins, Brooches, Rings and other goods that would be very appropriate and couldn't be other than appreciated. We would appreciate a call from you.

D. L. SWITZER
JEWELER

19 Main Street STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

ARISTA HOGE W. B. McCHESNEY

HOGE & McCHESNEY

Atlas Insurance Agency

FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE

Surety Bonds Furnished

Office, Opera House

STAUNTON - - VIRGINIA

The
BANNER STORE
MAIN STREET AND CENTRAL AVENUE

Exclusive Selling Agents in Staunton for Gossard Corsets, Kabo Corsets, Royal Worcester Corsets, Printzess Coats and Suits, Butterick Patterns and Other Good Things of National Repute

TELEPHONE 175

THE BANNER STORE
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL EMBLEMS AND NOVELTIES

FRATERNITY EMBLEMS, SEALS, CHARMS, PLAQUES, MEDALS, ETC.
Of Superior Quality and Design

THE HAND BOOK
Illustrated and Priced, mailed upon request

Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.
Diamond Merchants, Jewelers, Silversmiths, Heraldists, Stationers
CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA

Come to Staunton

The Queen City of the Valley

If you have children, we have the best schools.

If you have poor health, we have the ideal climate.

If you have money to spend, we will give you its value in

ICE, COAL and WOOD

CLEM BROTHERS STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

DO YOU KNOW THAT

With Electricity, for the price of one Street Car ride you can

Clean your house five times?
or Do the family washing eight times?
or Run your sewing machine for two hours a day for a week?
or Light an average room with Edison Mazda Lamps three hours a night for six nights?
or Make toast for the family breakfast every morning for a week?

Call at our office and let us show you how all this can be done

STAUNTON LIGHTING COMPANY
CENTRAL REALTY BUILDING

For CLEANING and DYEING that is always safest and best, send it to *FOOTER'S Dye Works*, Cumberland, Maryland. America's greatest, best and most completely equipped cleaning and dyeing establishment

FOOTER'S DYE WORKS

R. H. BELL, JR.

HIGH-CLASS
Wall Paper
and INTERIOR DECORATIONS

Picture Frames

116 EAST MAIN STREET
OPPOSITE BEVERLEY THEATRE
STAUNTON VIRGINIA

Augusta National Bank, *Staunton, Va.*

Capital $100,000.00
Surplus..... ..... 100,000.00
Resources (over) .. 975,000.00

United States, State and City Depository

Staunton Military Academy

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys. 385 *boys from* 45 *states last session.*

Largest Private Academy in the United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies, or Business. 1600 feet above sea level; pure, bracing mountain air of the famous Shenandoah Valley. Pure mineral spring waters. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. Daily drills. Boys from homes of refinement only desired. Personal individual instruction by our tutorial system. Academy fifty-five years old. New $150,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $380.00. Handsome catalogue free.

Address

COL. WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D.
Principal

STAUNTON VIRGINIA

PALAIS ROYAL

THE FASHION SHOP

Where the styles come from.

Staunton's most complete Ladies' Ready-to wear and Millinery Store.

We cater to the needs of the College Girl.

AGENTS FOR HOFFLIN MIDDY SUITS

SEE THE M. B. S. MIDDY

Where to get the Best

E. C. RILEY

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS

E. C. RILEY

No. 20 North Augusta Street

The Augusta Hotel

Staunton Virginia

Beverly Garage

INCORPORATED

STAUNTON VIRGINIA

AUTOMOBILES

of Character

Largest and Best Equipped
Garage in Virginia

LIVERY IN CONNECTION

CARS FOR HIRE

COMPETENT DRIVERS

SENT ANYWHERE

Timberlake Shoe Co.
(Incorporated)

Ladies' Fine Shoes

"The place to buy 'em is where they have 'em"

TRUNKS, BAGS
and SUIT CASES

Phone 232

19 West Main Street
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Spitler & Eakle

THE MAIN STREET
GROCERS

OLIVES CHEESE FRUITS
PRESERVES PICKLES
OLIVE OIL

Whitman's Chocolates and National Biscuit Company's Cakes and Crackers our Specialties

PHONES 141-144

18 East Main Street Staunton, Virginia

THE BEVERLY BOOK CO.

MASONIC TEMPLE

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

MEMORY BOOKS

PENNANTS

PILLOW TOPS

FOR M. B. S. STUDENTS

WILLSON BROS.

The ***Rexall*** Druggists

Use Violet Dulce Talcum; it is perfectly smooth, free from all grit, delightfully perfumed, and contains nothing to injure the most delicate skin. **25c** the can

Willson Bros., *Druggists*

When you need an Automobile for business or pleasure

call

FULTZ'S LIVERY STABLE

PHONE 166

Experienced Chaffeurs. Livery and Cars the very best

Baggage called for and delivered at all times.

H. H. FULTZ

Staunton Virginia

1776 1916

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VIRGINIA

The oldest college in the South, save one. High standards and thorough work. A strong faculty. A select student body. A delightful climate. Beautiful and extensive campus. Ample athletic grounds. Tennis courts. Quarter-mile running track. New gymnasium will be ready for use in September with indoor track, large playing floor, and modern equipment. Large dormitory equipped with every modern convenience—steam heat, gas, hot and cold baths, etc. Fourteen-unit entrance requirement. Degrees conferred: B. A., B. S., M. A., B. Lit. The one hundred and forty-first session begins September 13, 1916.

For catalogue or further information, address,

PRESIDENT H. T. GRAHAM, D. D. Hampden-Sidney, Va.

A GAS RANGE

is a Coal Range with a College Education : :

SEE

STAUNTON GAS CO.

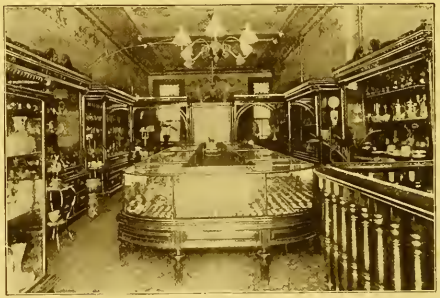
Kodaks
and
Supplies

Fraternity
Pins

Souvenirs

Medals
Etc.

HENRY L. LANG



Masonic Temple Staunton, Va.

WOODWARD'S

GREATER STORES

NEWER, BETTER, and BRIGHTER *13-15 E. Main St.*

Men's and Boys' Head-to-Foot Outfitters

Women's, Misses' and Children's Ready-to-Wear

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS

Art Goods and Novelties, Trunks, Suit Cases, and Bags

WOMEN'S MISSES' and CHILDREN'S FINE SHOES

134-136 E. Main St. *CLEANING and DYEING WORKS*

Let Us do Your Cleaning and Dyeing

We give them that New Look

The Store You have Always Known

The Store that Welcomes You Cordially

WOODWARD'S

ENGRAVERS for

High Grade Best Quality

College Publications

It is a recognized fact that the **quality** appearance of "pictures" largely reflects the **character-quality** of the Publisher.

Our Quality-Service based on experience, with suitable equipment, is co-operative.

GATCHEL & MANNING

Designers and Photo-Engravers

in one or more colors for any and all illustrative purposes

PHILADELPHIA

For Thirty-four years we have been Printing Programs and Circulars for the Schools of Staunton

Call us up

JULIUS J. PRUFER

Successor to

Stoneburner & Prufer, Printers Since 1882

11 N. Augusta Street

STAUNTON VIRGINIA

Subscribe

for the

Miscellany

Catalogues—Annuals

ONE reason why we are the largest printers of school annuals and catalogues in the Valley of Virginia is because we do the best grade of high-class work. An annual or a catalogue must be handled well—cheap, careless printing will not do. This work requires the best in machinery and equipment, and experienced men in handling and oversight. For a number of years we have specialized on college printing, and it is gratifying in the extreme to have our customers return to us year after year; and we believe this attests the satisfaction of our service.

THE McCLURE COMPANY, INC.

27-29 N. Augusta St. STAUNTON, VA.

J. G. BARE

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS

Fish, Oysters, and Game in Season

The only Sanitary and up-to-date Market in the city.
Highest prices paid for fat stock, also buy hides and tallow.

J. G. BARE

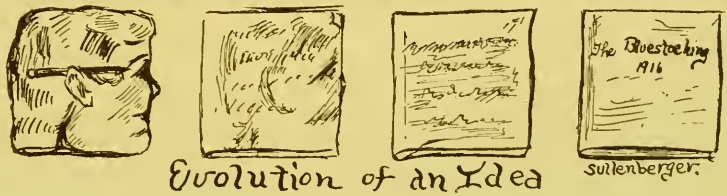
111 W. Main St.

STAUNTON **VIRGINIA**

METROPOLITAN ENGRAVING CO.

HALFTONES
CUTS for { CATALOGUES / NEWS PAPERS / ADVERTISING
ZINC ETCHINGS

RICHMOND, VA.



Press of
The McClure Co., Inc.
Staunton, Va.